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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

IN other ages, those who withdrew from the Catholic Church were rent into parties, by diversity of opinion on points of dogma. In our age, however, dogmatic theology has become too absolute to afford matter for a schism: the only resource left is to fly to *Theologia Moralis*, to find some new point on which to differ, as creeds and symbols are no longer binding. Sin abounds, or rather sins abound: yet not in sufficient number to please some tastes, and a new commandment is added to the decalogue.

Many men in England rolled in luxurious ease on the wealth hoarded up by their ancestors in the successful prosecution of the slave trade. They had time to view slavery at leisure: they viewed it at a distance, that the latter quality might lend an enchantment which proximity would dispel: they viewed it and agreed that it was a sin to own a slave. Such being the case, you may perhaps suppose that they like some foolish people in the middle ages, gave up the property which had been acquired by the slave trade, and devoted it to the relief of the enslaved descendants of those whom their forefathers had wronged. No! no! They held on to that, but took the public money to manumit the slaves in the colonies: and the world applauded their heroic sacrifice.

The fever then passed to America: and all Protestantism was asked to accept the new commandment, "Thou shalt not hold a slave." Those who had no slaves agreed; those who had, refused. The justified man at the north would not communicate with the sinner of the south. A schism ensued, and there arose a Methodist church north, and a Methodist church south, and what was sin in the north was no sin at the south; so that a man dying in Charleston would go to heaven, who had he died at New York, would, *ceteris paribus*, have had to go the other way.

Other religious sects split on the same rock and divided: the Episcopalians long held back, but now even some of their bishops denounce slavery, and their papers take the same ground. Last year three thousand Protestant clergymen of various denominations rebuked Congress, and in the name of the Almighty denounced the Nebraska bill.

Throughout the land only one religious body has kept aloof from this political question which threatens to convulse the union, and that body is one which every pulpit, newspaper and brawler charges with ever interfering in politics. The Catholic Church alone stands aloof, and though most powerful at the north gives no countenance to abolitionism. For this offence Catholicity has drawn on it the ire of those who denounced Congress. Soaring aloft in the murky clouds of his German Pantheism, and mist-veiled unintelligibility of infidelity, Theodore Parker of Boston cries, "There are noble ministers of all sects save the Catholic. I never knew of a Catholic priest who favored freedom in America; a slave himself, the mediæval! theocracy!! eats the heart!!! out from the celibate!!!! monk!!!!!"

Some years since, the late Pope, the unswerving Gregory XVI, issued a bull against the slave trade, a traffic very extensively carried on in the northern cities even now. A member of the Cabinet at Washington, himself a southerner, thereupon denounced the Pope and the Catholics as abolitionists: and at the very same time the abolitionists denounced us as fautors of slavery, and sent an address to President Boyer to induce him to exclude Bishop England, who had been sent to St. Domingo as apostolic legate.

It may therefore not be amiss to state briefly what the Catholic Church holds on the question of slavery: what she has done for the temporal and eternal well-being of the slave in preceding ages and in our own, and what it does for the freed negroes in the United States. We shall endeavor to establish this point: that as the Catholic Church alone by gradual and gentle steps abolished slavery in Europe, so she alone can abolish it in America.

Has the Catholic Church taken any stand in the matter of slavery?

We follow no new lights;  
The path our fathers trod  
We travel in the trusting hope,  
That it doth lead to God.  
Our Fathers' ancient hope,  
Our Fathers' ancient way,  
We hold, nor turn to worship yet  
At shrines of yesterday.

It may be well for new made creeds to ordain and determine until they have at last a settled system. Synods and conventions, classes and quarterly meetings may well meet in the nineteenth century to determine what is, and what is not, sin. Ages since, when Christianity superseded the worship of Baal, Woden, and Jupiter, our ancestors learned the decalogue and its exposition. Heirs of their Christianity, we hold like them that it is not a sin forbidden by the law of God to hold a fellow man in bondage. The apostolic men who converted the pagan nations of Europe, the Gaul, the German, the Briton and the Celt, nowhere required the slave holder to manumit his serfs. The scholastic theologians of the middle ages, patrons as they were of human liberty, never in their most subtle argumentations discovered a sin in the relation of master and slave. The relation of servitude had existed from the time when man began to war on man, from the time when society began to deprive the culprit of his liberty and make him a servant of the people: it existed in our Saviour's time, and is nowhere condemned in the gospel: it existed until the Church in the middle ages, ages of light and Christian heroism, abolished slavery not by anathema, not by distorting the gospel doctrine, or usurping God's prerogative, but by counsel, advice, her great and mighty weapons.

So too in our day, when wealth madly pursued seems to govern the world, men are found to denounce the possession of property as a sin, and to call for a division, in order to remedy the evils which materialism has produced. But what is the course of the Church? She, too, sees the evil; she saw it before, when the Crusades opened to Europe the rich commerce of the East; she then checked the evil not by making sin what was not sin, but by counsel and example; by creating religious orders to glory in their poverty; to ennoble poverty; to exalt poverty; so that kings laid down their crowns and merchants left their counting-rooms to become as poor as Lazarus at the rich man's gate.

To return to the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the question of slavery, we cannot do better than translate from the Moral Theology of the present Archbishop of Baltimore the principal passages relating to this relation; merely adding, that moderate in his opinions here, as on every other topic, he gives the opinion of the moralists whom the Church has constantly approved.

"As all men," says Archbishop Kenrick, "are by the law of nature equal, no one is by nature master of another; yet by the law of nations not only the dominion of jurisdiction, but also the dominion of property is granted to man over man: and this the old law ratified. (Exod. xxi; Lev. xxv). The apostles found slavery existing amongst most nations and did not condemn it. (Ephes. vi, 5). With these authorities before her eyes, the Church in the Council of Gangres anathematized those who seduced slaves from their owners on a pretext of religion: but as far as it could, favored human liberty, by exhorting masters to manumit their slaves, until, slavery having been gradually and insensibly abolished, Alexander III, in 1167, forbade Christians to be held as slaves." (*Kenrick, Theol. Mor.* vol. i, p. 255.)\*

He then proceeds to treat of slavery in the United States. "What," he asks, "is to be thought of slavery as it exists in the Southern and Western States? Truly in this plenitude of liberty in which we all glory, it is to be regretted that there are so many slaves, and that to prevent their rising, laws have been passed to prevent their education, often a serious hindrance to the practices of religion. But in this condition of the republic, nothing is to be done against the laws." (*Ibid.* 256.)

"It may be asked, whether masters may retain as slaves, men whose ancestors seem to have been unjustly brought hither from Africa? We think the answer must be affirmative, for defect of title must be considered cured by lapse of time, otherwise the state of society would be ever uncertain, in constant danger of outbreaks." (*Ibid.* 258.)

Such is the doctrine which he lays down as regards the owner and his rights: and he proceeds to discuss the duties arising out of the relation of master and slave. Then as to third parties, he no less clearly lays down their duties: "Nor should we do or say any thing illegally by which slaves may be liberated, or on account of which they may be discontented with their state." (*Ibid.* 257). "We have the authority of the apostles before us: those who neglect it, seeking for humanity sake, to disturb the whole state of society, generally render the condition of slaves worse than before." (*Ibid.* 257).

\* See also Bishop England's Works, vol. iii, p. 118: "All our theologians have from the earliest epoch sustained, that though in a state of pure nature all men are equal, yet the natural law does not prohibit one man from having dominion over the useful action of another as his slave; provided this dominion be obtained by a just title."

Such is the doctrine of the Church as formally laid down by the highest theological authority in the United States: and it is repeated in the letters of the late Bishop England on slavery, addressed to the Hon. John Forsyth. To the able letters of the Bishop of Charleston we refer all who wish authorities for the opinion of the Church at various epochs, authorities showing a perfect uniformity of sentiment.

The Catholic Church acknowledges slavery as a civil institution. When Bishop England was asked, "whether he was friendly to the existence or continuation of slavery," he replied, "I am not—but I also see the impossibility of now abolishing it here. When it can and ought to be abolished, is a question for the legislature and not for me." In like manner the Church has always left it to the civil power to abolish slavery, but has at all times shown her love for the slave and her desire to secure his manumission.

At the establishment of the Church, slavery was universal; and the word "servant" in the Scriptures is rarely susceptible of the meaning of hireling: its general signification is that of slave. As Christianity spread it made the slave more resigned to his lot, the master more indulgent to one whom he had learned to regard as his fellow member in Christ, heir like himself to the eternal promises. Even as early as the canons and constitutions of the apostles this is inculcated; and the next step of the Church was to check the power of life and death which the Roman law gave the master over his slave. In 305 the Council of Elvira subjected to a penance of seven years the mistress who, by excessive punishment, caused the death of her slave; and reduced the period of penance to five years only when the mistress had no intention of causing death. So generally was this step welcomed, that in 320 Constantine formally took the power of life and death from the master, and gave the civil judges sole cognizance of offences committed by slaves. To confirm this the Church in the Synod of Epaone excommunicated any man who slew his slave without the knowledge of the judge.

The marriage of slaves was the next object of attention. "It was imperatively demanded, by the very nature of the case, that some restraint should be placed upon that absolute power which the owners had and sometimes used of wantonly separating man and wife." The State passed laws preventing it, and the Church by its censures checked concubinage and gave security to marriage.

The next step was to encourage the manumission of worthy slaves: this was done frequently in church, in the presence of the bishop and with something of a religious formality. Ere long slavery was to a great extent abolished throughout the Roman empire.

It arose again, however, introduced by the northern nations. The Scandinavians were the great pirates and slave dealers of the north: they carried off captives from various parts and sold them on the continent: but this slavery too yielded to the general spread of Christianity and faded away, leaving it as a kind of axiom that no Christian could be held as a slave.

A third period of slavery arose from the antagonism of Christianity and Mohammedanism on the Mediterranean. According even to the doctrine of the English jurist, Lord Coke, there is necessarily perpetual war between the Christians as servants of Christ and Mohammedans as subjects of the devil: and the captive Moor was sold as a slave in the same way that in Moorish Spain and the Barbary States the Christian prisoner was reduced to bondage. The wars against the Moors led to invasions of Africa, to negro slavery, and to its transplantation from Africa to Europe. The discovery of America and the want of laborers in



the new states formed by the Spaniards and Portuguese, led to the transplantation of slavery to the new world; the Dutch first taking the lead as slave traders.

Every European nation that settled any portion of America recognized the right of reducing infidels to slavery and acted on it: the Indians as pagans were every where sold as slaves: and with the English the fact that the poor red man had been converted and baptized by French or Spanish missionaries did not save him. New England, where books are now written to depict with all the zealous glow of virtuous indignation, the manner in which the Indians were enslaved in the West Indies, then found those very West Indies a most convenient market for Indian slaves, taken in war like the Pequods and Narragansetts, or seized by treachery like the Abenakis and Micmacs, or taken on predatory excursions like "the Christian converts of the Spanish priests" on the Apalachee.

With the rapid extinction of the Indians ceased the slavery of the red man: that of the negro has been perpetuated in America. Canada, a colony of France was, we venture to say, never sullied by slavery: but it prevailed in New England, the Dutch colony on the Hudson, the Swedish settlements on the Delaware, and in all the English colonies to the south, as well as in the Spanish and Portuguese possessions in other parts. A wide difference, however, prevailed between the Catholic and the Protestant colonies in regard to the slaves. The former by law required the slaves to be instructed in Christianity and secured to them certain rights and privileges: the latter recollecting the old maxim, that Christianity and slavery were incompatible, prohibited the baptism of slaves, and resisted every attempt made to instruct them. Even in our day the legislation of many States shows that this feeling has not entirely died away.

In the space which a magazine can afford to devote, we cannot give any thing like a history of negro slavery in the various parts of America. To show what Catholicity has done for the negroes, we may cite a few examples:

At the close of the sixteenth century, Father Alphonso de Sandoval, a Jesuit, devoted himself entirely to the good of the negro slaves, but in his labors, devotedness and care of those unfortunate men was far surpassed by his successor, the blessed Peter Claver, whose wonderful life has so recently been set before us as a model. From 1615 to 1650 this apostolic man was, to use his own language, the slave of the slave. He boarded the slavers that came to Carthagena before they came to land, in order to console the poor African; he tended the sick, instructed all. Landed and placed in the shops for sale, they were still his care: sold on plantations or in the city he visited them regularly: his church was theirs alone: the rich whites had plenty to minister to them, he was the priest, the friend, the slave of the poor negro. He procured them refreshments, amusements for their holidays, he superintended their whole conduct, was ever interceding for them with their masters. Far from the conduct of the modern friends of the black, he did not incite them to revolt: on the contrary, he used every argument which Faith could supply to reconcile them to their lot. What was the result? His power was unlimited. "He seemed to haunt the city like a very spirit. If the wild music which they brought from Africa tempted the negroes to join in the lascivious dance, the Father's form suddenly appeared among them and they fled at his approach. Nay, it happened at times, that if a negro approached a negress in the streets, and words of evil intent were spoken between them, all on a sudden, with the cry "Father Claver is coming!" they would break away from each other, though the bystanders looked around and saw no Father Claver there. When the lash was about to descend mercilessly on the trembling slave, as though

he knew by instinct where his negroes were suffering, his appearance arrested the uplifted arm." Wherever a poor outcast slave lay neglected in hut or hovel or by the way-side, his all-seeing charity discovered him and bore him in his arms to some hospital.

His mighty example ennobled more slaves, liberated more, exalted more than all the societies ever erected for the amelioration of the condition of the black. Color was forgotten: the slave, submissive to his master, won respect: the brutal master forbore to ill treat one whom a Claver held in respect.\*

Almost at the same time a mulatto was the object of the veneration of Lima. The blessed Martin Porras, a lay brother of the order of St. Dominic, was the son of a negress: but in spite of his color, ignoble birth and humble capacity, he acquired by the influence of his virtues an unlimited power over the minds of men. But he never forgot his origin; he was a poor mulatto; infirmarian in the hospital, he always sought to humble himself to all: of his mother's enslaved race he was ever the friend, the consoler and the guide. His example was not without its effect: men who revered Porras on bended knee as a living temple of the Holy Ghost, could not but treat their negroes with forbearance.

But these cases were in distant parts. We have a striking one which occurred in the city of New York in the year 1741, that is, more than a century ago. The city was then alarmed by reports of a negro plot to burn the city and massacre the inhabitants: of course no plot in those days could do without the Irish having a share in it: an Irish army was accordingly to join the insurgents, a priest was then required to complete all: an unfortunate non-juring Anglican clergyman, a sharer in what would now be called the Puseyism of Atterbury's party, was, unfortunately for himself, pronounced to be a Catholic priest in disguise. All was now ready: arrests were made, trials had, white men hanged, black men burnt. The number of innocent men who perished from poor Mr. Ury down to poor negro Cuffee is perfectly appalling.

Of the negroes concerned in this plot some were Spanish negroes taken on a Spanish vessel in time of war and sold as slaves, instead of being treated as prisoners of war, for they were freed men. Most, however, of those executed were negroes raised in the colony by English or Dutch families. The former were wronged, and could scarcely be blamed for attempting to recover their natural freedom, had they really done so; the latter were turning on those who had owned them from the cradle, to whom they were bound by many ties. But what is more, the former showed education, talent, all that constitutes a man; the latter were like dumb cattle. Unaided by a lawyer, for every member of the bar was arrayed against them, the Spanish negroes took objections which certainly would have weight with any but a prejudiced judge; yet in spite of all their arguments and testimony they were condemned. The New York negroes made no attempt at defence, and were indeed incapable of making any. In many cases they made any accusation or admission that was asked. At the stake the difference was even greater. The poor native negroes were led out like so many brutes, unattended by any clergyman, with no attempt to convert them, but chained to the stake and burned amid their howls of despair. The conduct of the Spanish, and consequently Catholic, negroes was striking, even to the savage Justice Horsmanden, who chronicles the plot. Priest there was none to prepare them for death; they were left to themselves. "Juan de Sylva, the Spanish negro," says Horsmanden, "condemned for

\* See the *Life of the Blessed Claver*, by Flouriau.

the conspiracy, was this day executed according to sentence; he was neatly dressed in a white shirt, jacket, drawers and stockings, behaved decently, prayed in Spanish, kissed a crucifix, insisting on his innocence to the last.<sup>77\*</sup>

To come to our own times, we can refer to the case of Pierre Toussaint, the well known barber at New York, who died a year or so ago, and whose biography has been so beautifully written by Mrs. Lee. He was a Catholic. Despite his color he was universally esteemed among us for his piety and zeal, no less than for his many other solid virtues. His Church made no distinction with regard to him. Dear to her in life, he was equally so in death; his body was carried to St. Peter's church, where he had so long worshipped, and where he, like many other New York Catholics, had more than once seen a negro priest officiate at the altar. At his obsequies the church was filled chiefly by whites, and none would have known that the deceased was not some person of rank. The pastor in his address made no allusion to his color: he dwelt on the virtues of the deceased, his charity to the poor and afflicted, and on the loss which all had sustained in the death of so excellent a man.† And this man was born a slave in St. Domingo, but under the influence of religion was content with his lot. When his mistress fled to this country he attended her, and still deeming himself a slave gave her all he earned. To all who told him he was free he turned a deaf ear: his mistress on her death bed alone released him, for he would not permit her to do so before. Such was the man into whom Catholicity had transformed the brutalized slave.

But this is not all. The exertions of the Catholic Church in the United States in behalf of the negro are not limited to isolated cases. While every Catholic republic on the continent frees the slave, and restores freedom to all, while Mexico makes Texas free-soil for us to restore it to the realm of slavery, the Catholics in the United States cannot remain behind. There exists in Baltimore an institution known but to few, an institution which it has long been our wish to see extended to other parts of the country: this is the house of Oblates, Sisters of Providence. The members of this Society are all colored women, who, like the Sisters of Charity, bind themselves by religious vows, and devote their lives to the education of colored girls. They were founded on the 5th of June, 1829, by the Rev. Mr. Joubert, long the pastor of the colored Catholics at Baltimore. The Holy See acknowledged them as a religious society in 1831, and granted them many spiritual advantages and privileges. Here a few colored women renounce the world to consecrate themselves to God and the Christian education of colored girls. The object of such an institution is of great importance all will allow, and on greater reflection will be seen to surpass in true philanthropy, the greatest works of northern abolitionism. Since its institution it has trained numbers of girls, who as servants, and later as wives and mothers, have perpetuated faith, piety and Christian virtues in their humble rank in life.

But we must give further details.—We have given examples enough to show the course of Catholicity in regard to the slave: this policy has not been without its effect. Every Catholic republic in America has abolished slavery; it exists indeed in the empire of Brazil and the Spanish Antilles, but even there shows the influence of the Church. There is at Rio Janeiro a touching instance of the power of faith, which shows the operation of Catholicity on the heart of the slave. Several years since, an African prince, whose revenues were derived from the

\* *Horsmanden's Negro Plot*, (Ed. 1810) 320.

† *Memoir of Pierre Toussaint, born a slave.* Boston: 1854.

slaves whom he supplied to the vessels engaged in that traffic, attacked a petty inland tribe and burning its village, carried off most of the inhabitants. Among the number thus hurried off to the slaver's hold was the king of the tribe, who was ere long sold in the market of Rio Janeiro to an English Catholic merchant. At first he little brooked the harsh lot which had fallen to him, but instructed in the rudiments of Christianity he became a fervent Catholic. Now, although as he walks the streets, a slave, with a heavy burthen on his shoulders, his former subjects bend the knee in reverence to their fallen king, still he has no regret for his lost power or liberty. In his slavery he views a kindly interposition of heaven, which thus rudely indeed but most wisely, drew him from the shades of paganism to the light of the gospel. He is content to remain a slave.

Wherever slavery exists cases of oppression will necessarily occur, for nowhere can a power be found in the hands of man which is not at times abused. To remedy these, to relieve the oppressed, has no less been the care of the Church, not by societies to abolish slavery, but by appeals to the principles of the master, and often, very often, by redeeming the ill treated slaves or obtaining for them more kindly masters. Many instances of this kind have occurred, even in the United States where our Catholic clergy are least numerous, in the slave states. Touching was the case of two young ladies redeemed by the exertions of Bishop England. A planter purchased a very light mulatto girl, of excellent disposition, manners and education; he was soon won by her good qualities and married her, but unfortunately neglected to make out her manumission in due form of law. She died previously to him, having borne two daughters, who were educated at the Ursuline convent at Charleston. On their father's death, these young ladies, elegant, virtuous, accomplished, entered into possession of their father's property, but a distant relative discovering the fact that their mother had never been legally freed, claimed not only the property but the ladies themselves. They were in the eye of the law, slaves, and part of their father's estate. Using all his *legal* rights he exposed the ladies for sale, and the Catholics, headed by their bishop, raised means to purchase and free them.

Such examples show that the Catholics of the United States are not insensible to the sufferings of the slave, when he actually suffers, nor to his social, moral or religious welfare. Believing that heaven is open alike to the bond and the free, the Church has sought less to free them from the fetters of man, than from the fetters of sin. She has her mission, and fulfils it: fulfilling it of yore she repeatedly induced mankind in country after country to raise the slave from his degraded station to an equal rank with his master: where she finds it now she makes no distinction within her walls between white and black, slave and freeman. All must kneel side by side before her altars; and in fact all do: she gives the same sacraments to the poor negro slave, or more degraded free negro, that she does to the monarch; she makes and can make no distinction between them, and no Catholic ever finds it strange to see that the holy Benedict of St. Philadelphia, though a black, was made superior of a white convent in his lifetime, or canonized after his death.

The Catholic Church in the United States stands alone, immoveable, unchangeable, the only conservative body in the land, the only body which does not take a partisan stand or send out its propagandists. Attacked, she does not resist; reviled, she does not revile: she advances doing good. She has liberated the slave wherever she had the power, and did so with the full consent of the slaveholder.

The present abolition movement began several years ago, and has produced only

one result, the stability of slavery. Since the agitation began no state has enfranchised its slaves; on the contrary, Texas, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, which would naturally have been free territory, have all been added to the domain of slavery. And in these slave states the laws against the slaves are more severe than ever, and all attempts to ameliorate the condition of the negro have been neutralized. In one word, the emancipation of the slave has been retarded, perhaps for a century.

Convinced of this, that abolitionism is in itself wrong, that it is injurious instead of beneficial to the slave; that moderation and the exercise of Christian charity alone will effect the liberation and what is more, the elevation of the negro slave, Catholics must ever stand aloof from the abolition movement, and in their own way labor to effect the great end; and few we think who have followed us through this article, will entertain any other opinion than our own, that if slavery ever is abolished, it will be by the Catholic Church in her own calm, steady, lawful way.

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## THE IMAGE BREAKERS.

A LEGEND OF ST. CECILIA.

*From the German of Heinrich V. Kleist.*

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, when the rage for image breaking prevailed so generally in the Low Countries, three brothers, young students of Wittenberg, happened to meet with a fourth, a Preacher of Antwerp, in the city of Aix-la-Chapelle. They had come to this city to lay claim to an inheritance that had been left them by a forgotten uncle, and had already passed some time there before they were joined by their brother. After spending a few days together talking over the strange doings that had lately taken place in the Netherlands, it occurred to them that the Sisters of the Convent of St. Cecilia, which at that time lay before the gates of the city, were to celebrate the festival of Corpus Christi with great solemnity in a few days. Full of the fanaticism of youth, and excited by the example of the Hollanders, they immediately resolved to take advantage of the opportunity so that the city of Aix-la-Chapelle should be no longer without having had its share in the glory of image breaking.

The Preacher had already more than once taken part in similar enterprises and now undertook to be the leader. He communicated his plan to a number of young fellows, students and merchants' sons, adherents of the new doctrine, and on the eve of the festival assembled them all at a tavern, where they spent the night carousing, drinking and denouncing Popery. They agreed on the signal at which they were to start the work of destruction, by shattering the windows that were highly ornamented with scriptural paintings, and as soon as day showed itself on the spires and chimney tops of the city, they sallied forth, armed with axes and bills and all kinds of instruments of violence. Confident of receiving great support from the people, they repaired to the cathedral, fully resolved to commence proceedings the moment the bells rang.

The abbess, to whom at the dawn of day a friend had given warning of the danger impending over the convent, sent repeatedly, but in vain, to the imperial commandant of the city for the protection of a guard. The officer, himself an

enemy of the Papacy, and therefore at least secretly favorable to the new religion, declined giving assistance as unnecessary, assuring her that not even a shadow of danger threatened herself or the convent.

In the mean time the hour approached when the ceremonies were to commence, and the nuns, disturbed and full of the most painful apprehensions, repaired to Mass. There were none to protect them but the steward and a few armed servants, who took their post at the door of the church.

In convents, the nuns, accustomed to play on all kinds of musical instruments, conducted their own choirs; and often with a precision, an intelligence, a feeling unknown in choirs consisting of male performers, (perhaps from the feminine nature of this mysterious art). But unfortunately Sister Antonia, the regular conductress, had fallen sick a few days before of a nervous fever, so that in addition to the mischief feared from the four godless brothers, who could be seen now and then covered up in their cloaks among the pillars of the church, the convent was in the deepest perplexity for the want of some one to direct the appropriate music. The abbess on the preceding evening, thinking that all the effects of Sister Antonia's little attack would have passed away before morning, had determined on playing a very old, strange Mass composed by some unknown Italian master, by means of which, on account of a peculiar sacredness and grandeur which it revealed, the choir had already, on several occasions, accomplished wonders. Now, more than ever, persisting in this intention, she sent messenger after messenger to learn how the sister was, but continually heard that she lay in a state of unconsciousness, and at last all expectations of having her to direct the choir had to be given up in despair.

In the mean time the ruffians, now more than two hundred in number, of all ages and ranks, for though the affair and its authors were still a secret, sufficient help had been secured, had penetrated the cathedral, armed with axes and crow-bars, and some alarming acts had already occurred. The few armed servants standing at the doors had been treated in the grossest manner, and the appearance of the nuns going here and there in the necessary performance of their pious duties became the signal for the most scandalous and shameless remarks. The steward, dismayed at the threatening aspect of affairs, took refuge in the choir, and, on his knees, implored the abbess to suspend the celebration and to place herself and the convent immediately under the protection of the commander of the city. But the abbess, immovable in her resolution, could not endure the idea of deferring, through fear of man, a solemnity undertaken in the honor of the Most High God; she reminded the steward that it was his duty to maintain order during the celebration of the sacred ceremonies, and to defend the church to the last extremity. Just then the clock struck the hour to begin, and the courageous lady ordered the nuns who stood around her, trembling and in tears, to take any Mass, no matter what, and, whatever the consequences, to commence at once.

The sisters immediately took their places: the scores of a Mass which they had often played before were distributed, the musical instruments were tried and tuned, and all were on the point of beginning, when suddenly Sister Antonia fresh and strong as ever, or at least only a little paler than usual, made her appearance before them. She carried under her arm the old Italian Mass about which the abbess had been so anxious. To the eager questions of the astonished sisters how she had recovered so quickly, she only replied, "no matter, dear friends, no matter!" distributed the parts, and glowing with enthusiasm, took her place at the organ to direct, as of old, the wonderful Mass. All at once, it seemed as if a



heavenly consolation had descended on the hearts of these pious women; with one accord they arranged themselves before the stands, they commenced, filled as it were with inspiration: the very state of trepidation into which they had been thrown lent its aid in lifting their voices, as if on wings, up to the divinest regions of harmony. The Mass was performed with the most majestic musical splendor; from the first moment to the last not a breath was heard in the church; particularly at the *Gloria in Excelsis*, when it seemed as if the whole congregation had ceased to live. The consequence was that the four brothers and their crew did not even disturb the dust on the floor and that the convent long afterwards continued in existence, in fact until the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, when it was secularized by virtue of an article in the Treaty of Westphalia.

Six years afterwards, when the circumstance was almost forgotten, the mother of these four young men arrived in Aix-la-Chapelle from the Hague, her native town. Full of misgivings regarding their fate, she made application to the magistrate to learn, at least, in what direction they had gone. The latest intelligence regarding them that had been received in the Netherlands was contained, as she told the magistrate, in a letter written by the Preacher six years ago on the evening before the festival of *Corpus Christi*, to a friend of his, a School Teacher in Antwerp. In this, on four closely written pages, he had given with great clearness, though in rather an extravagant style, an account of the preparations made for the contemplated attack of a certain Convent of St. Cecilia. To the contents of this letter, however, she only alluded generally, and for some time the magistrate could tell her nothing; at last he remembered that at a period of time corresponding with that specified, four young men, whose name and native country were unknown, had been placed in the Insane Asylum just then completed. But it was under an excess of religious fervor that these unhappy creatures were suffering, and as their conduct was intimated by her informant to be always extremely gloomy and melancholy, the mother, unhappily too well aware of the haughty, impetuous disposition of her sons, at first gave little heed to this information, more particularly so, as the individuals were spoken of as being Catholics. However, greatly struck at last, by the many coincident remarks made regarding them, she went immediately to the Insane Asylum, accompanied by a city officer, and asked the manager to grant her a sight of those four unhappy men that had been six years under his charge.

But who can describe the horror of the mother at recognizing her own sons? She knew them at the first glance the moment she came to the door. They were clothed in long black cassocks, and seated around a table supporting a crucifix, they leant on the leaf with folded arms and seemed totally absorbed in prayer. The poor lady was scarcely able to ask what they were doing there. According to the attendant's reply they were only occupied as usual in admiring the Saviour, for as themselves had often asserted, they could see more plainly than others that *He* was the Son of the only God. She was also told that they had been leading this spiritual life ever since their admission, that they slept little, ate little, that except on a very rare occasion no sound ever escaped their lips, only regularly once in the twenty-four hours, at midnight, they raised themselves from their chairs, and with voices that made the windows crack, intoned the *GLORIA IN EXCELSIS*. The attendant also assured her that they were in perfect bodily health, that no one could deny them, though habitually solemn and rather stern, a certain cheerfulness of disposition, and that on one or two occasions when people pitied them as deranged, they compassionately shrugged their shoulders, and plainly declared that



if the good citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle only knew as much as *they*, they would soon abandon all their worldly pursuits and unite with them in chanting the GLORIA around the crucifix.

The lady could endure this terrible sight no longer, and returned or rather was carried back to her hotel in a dreadful state of agitation. Extremely anxious, however, to learn the occasion of this frightful catastrophe, she repaired next morning to the house of Herr Veit Gotthelf. For, mention having been made of this man in the Preacher's letter, it now occurred to her that he had probably taken some part in the projected attack on the convent. The Herr Veit Gotthelf, a cloth merchant, had become in the mean time the father of a family, and was now one of the most respectable men in the city. He received the strange lady with great kindness, and, as soon as he understood the object of her visit, manifested much emotion. Recovering himself however immediately, he requested her to be seated, closed the chamber door, and gave her the following account of the result of the unholy attempt made by her sons six years before.

I was intimately acquainted with your sons, my dear lady, and since there can be no danger in making the disclosure *to you*, I intend to declare every thing openly and without reserve. Yes, we did entertain the intention announced in the letter. For carrying it out fully every preparation had been made, every precaution had been taken which a most impious ingenuity could suggest, and how it failed after all I have never yet been able to understand. Heaven, I really believe, took the convent belonging to these holy ladies under its protection. For know, that outside the walls of our then badly governed city more than three hundred ruffians, armed with axes and pitch balls, were waiting for nothing but the signal from the Preacher to level the church with the dust. Even our party inside, in their impatience, had already permitted themselves to indulge in several wanton outrages that were to be introductory to more decisive measures. But at the very commencement of the music, to our great surprise we beheld your sons, seized as it were with an uncontrollable agitation, simultaneously take off their hats with the strangest air. Slowly, and as if interiorly moved, they placed their hands on their downcast faces, and after an affecting pause in the chorus, the Preacher suddenly turned round to us, and with a loud and terrible voice told us to uncover our heads. In vain did several of his companions touch him on the shoulders, and in loud whispers demand the signal to commence the image breaking. Instead of answering them, he folded his hands crosswise on his breast, sunk on his knees to the ground, bent forwards until his forehead touched the dust of the floor, and together with his brothers, whose actions had been entirely similar, commenced to murmur with pious earnestness those prayers at which he had just before been scoffing so profanely. Utterly confounded at this sight, the crowd of unhappy fanatics deprived of their leaders, remained standing uneasily and irresolutely, until the conclusion of that mysterious piece of music that was so wonderfully streaming from the organ gallery. Just then several arrests were made by order of the commandant, a few who had made themselves most prominent in the previous disorders were carried off, and the rest of the band seeing that nothing was to be done, availed themselves of the opportunity and slipped away in the dense crowd that was now pouring forth from the doors of the church.

In the evening I made several inquiries for your sons at their hotel, but finding that they had not returned, I proceeded with a few friends back again to the convent to learn something about them from the servants who with some soldiers of the guard were still standing at the doors. But, my dear lady, how can I express

my consternation at seeing these four young men, stretched at full length before the altar, their foreheads still touching the earth, their arms still folded, and their forms motionless and silent as if they had been changed into stone? In vain did the steward who arrived at the moment for a long time continue to pull them by the dress and shake them by the arm whilst he ordered them to quit the church; for it was now getting dark and no one else had remained behind. At last raising themselves up with a dreamy air, they looked at him, apparently without understanding one word that he said, until taking them by the arm, with the assistance of the attendants, he led them outside the church and left them standing before the gate. After remaining there awhile almost unconscious of our presence, they at last followed us into the city, though not without many sighs and heart-rending glances towards the cathedral that now glowed brightly behind us in the last rays of the setting sun.

To be continued.

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## ASCENT TO THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

'Twas already late in the afternoon; and our weary Diligence still continued its slow and toilsome ascent of the mountain. We were wearied with ennui and expectation; the prospect around had been one monotonous chain of forests, rising continually one above the other, since we left the *hacienda*. Pine trees of unparalleled height covered immense areas and stretched away as far as we could see, their towering height sometimes shutting out the sun overhead, and leaving one total unbroken line of shadow. You looked out into the dark gloom of their recesses, where the lizard and the turtle fled away from the sound of the vehicle, alarmed at the sudden intrusion upon their solitudes; wild parrots chattered in the tree tops, and the song and fluttering of innumerable birds told how productive were the depths that gave shelter and nourishment to such a numerous species.

A certain degree of grandeur was not, however, unmixed with the pervading gloom of these forests; you stand at least ten thousand feet from the level of the ocean; the atmosphere has become rare and bracing—and an occasional cloud may be seen rolling away like a mist, over the face of the mountains, leaving a moisture upon every thing; the whole scene wears an aspect of that gloomy grandeur that stamps a saddening impress within you, while you feel that you are in the midst of a great solitude, that you have passed away from the busy haunts of men, and are standing alone in the presence of that great Omnipotence whose hand alone had created those wondrous mountains, and whose glory and greatness you are every where beholding.

Occasionally a breach in the forest gives you a more cheerful and wider view; and scaling one of those jutting crags—that seem ready to leave their slender hold, and to crash upon the massy forests beneath them—you catch a glimpse of the far off prospect you have left behind.

Beautiful little prairies lie studded here and there, stretching away between the mountains; tall oaks and pimientos, now gradually disappearing rise up from the mild savannahs, and long lines of the maguay—" *Agave Americana* "—wind in perspective round the basis of the hills and spread their giant arms away to the hacienda beyond. Here you catch a little of the sunlight and the calm serene

air coming with it, you could sit for hours and gaze over that long unbroken vista of hill and country, and that heart must indeed be one of adamant, that would not be impressed with the immensity and magnitude of that All-wise Power, whose directing hand heaped layer upon layer of that great chain of Cordillera, hoarding up treasures for ages yet unborn, purifying the valleys with their cool breath, and hemming within their enclosures some of the fairest portions of creation, as though the brand of the first born was yet to be erased, and time was but embellishing this fair country for a second and happier race.

All day long had we continued the toilsome ascent; occasionally breaking the monotony—when our tedious progress would admit of our getting out—by walking, climbing the precipices, penetrating the thickets and occasionally scattering the feathered tribe with a blaze or two of our rifles. It was in this neighborhood that I discovered for the first time that beautiful native bird the *Trogon*, whose celebrity is so well known for the magnificence of its plumage and the superb coloring of its feathers. The sparkling green and gold of its neck and breast, and its dark, swooping tail, spotted with white, so surprised me that I forgot in the admiration of the moment that I held my fowling piece within my hand, and before I recovered my self-possession the beautiful charmer was gone beyond my reach. I had seen some portion of its plumage before in the academy of Puebla, but it is now very rarely met with; being so eagerly sought after by the artist for the mosaic blending of its colors, its numbers have been gradually reduced. I look upon it at present as the last living representative of that old Aztec grandeur, when its rich feathers adorned the heads and garnished the mantles of the *caciques*.

It was now closing on sunset and each moment we looked eagerly forward for a break in the long line of dullness ahead; my friend Miguel, however, promised us a rich reward for our toil, if we would but withhold our patience for one league further, and the much wished for summit would be gained. It was one of the most delicious evenings I had yet experienced in the country, and although the tall forests around had limited our view of heavenward, yet the clear blue spot above our heads, and the balmy atmosphere that prevailed, convinced me of that beautiful climate which I had ever heard reigned upon the borders of the table land; and it is certainly not an exaggeration of the traveller, when he experiences for the first time, after rising from out the sand clad and suffocating valleys below, the cool, exhilarating atmosphere of the mountains that overlook them. He overreaches his expectation; the closing of the day gives a better coloring to his picture, when the mellow sun throws its slanting beams across the mountains and through the avenues of the forests, and the pleasant breeze comes dancing among the foliage and rustling in the branches of the tall pimento.

Onward and upward, still dragged our lumbering conveyance; still rose upon the breeze the pensive hum of the postillion, and the crack of his long *manopla* reverberated from tree to tree, awakening the echoes far into the woods; now we jolted over broken roads, cut up by time and rains, and down zig-zag precipices, coming with a splurge into some villainous mud-pool, almost starting our bones with the whirl and the shock. The uproar of Pedro at such times, joined in consonance with our other grievances, as he urged out the utmost of his jaded animals with all the antithesis of sound and speech, of which only those who have experienced staging among the Spaniards, have, or can form any idea.

To me, whose time was but a jot one way or the other, it was of little concern what obstacles debarred our progress, or for the moment, how slowly we rumbled along; but my mirth was often excited by the impatience of our little fellow tra-

veller, the German, whose countenance would ever undergo the most ludicrous changes as we jolted along through gulleys and ruts, tumbling him right and left, and at every lurch eliciting a native oath, whether upon the coach, the roads, or the whole republic of Mexico itself, I was unable to learn, being totally ignorant of all the High Dutch jargon he was uttering with so much volubility. He held himself prepared on all occasions for an attack on the road; positively asserting we would be called to a stand still before we got over the mountain. He had with him two of Colt's revolvers, which he took the greatest possible care to display, while ever and anon his little ferrety eyes would peer cautiously out, as if expecting each moment to hear the report of an *escopeta*, and a body of half civilized rancheros rush out from the woods and thickets on our left. What would ever become of poor Dutchy on such an important occasion, it is impossible to tell; for without doubt his well lined rotundity, in the event of a skirmish, would admit of an easy mark for the lance of any bold face guerilla.

Much, however, as any of us disrelished an adventure of this sort just then, yet I must confess, I secretly wished I could define the outline of some tall fellows, starting up from the shadows of the crags, and a dozen or two of carbines gleaming among the foliage; and I verily believe I could have flung them my purse, and my thanks at the same moment, and deemed myself fortunate at getting rid of both at such a rare treat to the picturesque. However, my desire was not to be gratified; and I had to be content with the scene as it was, which needed but the flutter of a bandit's ribbon to make it the wildest, gloomiest picture of the kind I had ever beheld.

Immense buttresses of porphyritic rock and crags of limestone rose up on our right, some splintered and fissured as though rent asunder by the fierce tempests that rage with so much violence during the equinoctial periods, shivering the trunks of the forest and deluging the valleys below with cataracts of rain. It is evident that the broken ridges of rock, which lie scattered over the rough undulations of the mountains, and even in the valleys, have been dislodged, either by the force of the elements above, or those beneath them; for upon the slightest examination, the same lines of strata, the same admixture of either gniess, conglomerate or felspar is observed that you had before traced in its full embodiment; and it is awful to reflect, with what destructive force the tornado visits these mountain regions, when it loosens the beds of rock and snaps the gigantic pine and fir trees as though they were but reeds. We had passed now from the region of oaks; but an occasional one, with the hoar of centuries upon it, stoops over the road, its stunted branches exuberant with the woodbine, and sending a beauty and fragrance even to this otherwise wild and desolate region. The oaks at the base of these mountains grow to immense sizes, and I myself discovered one with a girth around of full fifteen feet and a complete shell within, for upon inserting my cane in one of the fissures of its trunk, it penetrated over five feet without touching the opposite side. Such trees I am told are numerous, though this was the only one of such dimensions I had seen in the country; and I have no doubt but they afford a comfortable nesting place for the wolf or the snake, although during our whole journey on the table land I never once encountered either; the inhabitants are fully sensible of the presence of the former and frequently hunt them with dogs, through the valleys and up into the highest regions of the mountains.

We got over at last this rough undulated region, and once more we stole with a gentle pace up the winding stairway, the swooping birds blending their notes with the mellow voice of the evening, and our fears of murderous brigands and

gloomy glens dispelled with the soft scenes and ever changing beauty that now surrounded us.

I lay with my head dangling out of the window, making my cogitations upon the sunny welcome of the valley and its capital, and wondering at the strong heart of Cortez, who, with his handful of desperate followers, fought, not only the rough passages of these toilsome mountains, but a great nation, powerfully defended by nature and by the savage desperation of its inhabitants. What a courageous, untiring energy had that man again to return to the same scenes of slaughter and sacrifice, where twice before, his little army had been broken and almost annihilated, by fatigue, war and privation, and yet, even while his last and most disastrous escape was thrilling in his memory, he starts anew from *Tlascala*, and amidst a scene of unparalleled butchery and arson, he enters the capital of the emperors a final conqueror. Nothing could subdue his ambition; no human adversity could quell his thirst for conquest.

Whilst wandering thus among the events of centuries long gone by, I was suddenly startled by the familiar shout of Pedro—who, by the way, always uttered a sort of semi-war whoop, when any thing of importance was to be seen—and at the sound, Miguel and myself—as if by instinct—jumped from our seats, and without waiting for Pedro to draw in his animals, burst from the vehicle, and putting our limbs to the test, scampered ahead with eagerness and precipitancy.

A slight curve in the road brought us suddenly to a stand still, and we were dazzled with a scene of such surpassing loveliness, that once beheld can never be forgotten. No country in the world can surpass Mexico for the splendor of its scenery, and standing as I did within one of the loftiest recesses of that stupendous mountain, and looking out over the enchanting prospect that stretched away before me, I could not help thinking what a dream of golden days the conqueror had, when he stood as I did, for the first time, and gloated over the princely capital and its hundred tributaries, that lay before him, basking in the sunshine of wealth and prosperity. Well might it arouse the cupidity of the Spaniard! That beautiful country, its ripe breath coming up in the winds, nourishing the rosy fruit, and beating upon the wearied brow of the traveller. Well might the blind and immortal poet have gathered the scenes of his paradise from that lovely valley! The dream of its poetry is realized; for without doubt no spot in the world could establish a better claim to the contested site of the fatal apple tree. Far away upon the very verge of the horizon, rise the continuous peaks that encircle its broad bosom; beautiful sheets of lake, lie dotted here and there, and the rays of the falling sun dance lightly upon their pale surface, and spreads its sheen over the glittering towers far away in the dim outlines of the city. The smaller towns and rancho's, that were scattered at intervals over the valley, were but an indistinct mass, hardly discernible to the eye; but the green of the stretching maize fields, the woods and clustering orchards all slept quietly below, impressing you with the languidness of their repose, their delightful and indolent plenitude, that knows but little of cultivation, or the artful study of our own northern agriculturists.

Far to the left soared the two volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihault: still the same as when the smoke of the *Teocallis* ascended like theirs to the heavens; their white crests sparkling with the brilliancy of silver, as they shoot away into the sky, resplendent amidst the surrounding blue, and the golden rays of the departing sun disporting on their summits. Revered monuments of that departed age, when their vexed bosoms belched fire and ashes, and their dread illuminations extended far and wide, enveloping the great plateau in one deep flood of crimson.

Still does the Indian hail their snow clad peaks, and with a reverential awe, bow submissively to the hand that robbed him of that barbaric greatness, when the blaze of a hundred hecatombs appeased the wrath of the fire mountain,—

"When the gory altars smoked incense  
To the mountain god whose blaze immense  
Vomited skulls of criminal heads,  
And threatened the valley with fire to spread.  
When the *Tescatlipo* balanced its golden rod,  
And millions fearfully worshiped its nod,  
When the mystic rites,  
By midnight lights,  
And fire of aloes the priestess said:  
'That by the will of the golden god,  
The earthquake through the world had sped,  
And the *tortoise* come back to its watery bed!'"

We caught the scene in its most propitious hour; when every thing was defined in the clear calm of sundown, not a speck marring the mingled blue and crimson overhead, and the very breath as it stole past seemed hushed with a reverential silence, as if in prayer for its departed kings, whose funeral dirge is the light sway of the orange, still blowing its fragrance, where centuries ago, the rude Aztec shaded his dusky limbs, and revelled in all the conscious indolence of his beautiful, but polluted country.

How long I may have remained gazing at the beautiful panorama, I know not; but I was aroused as if from a dream by the loud signal of Pedro, and turning I discovered my companions making impatient gestures for me to return, and with a reluctant heart I turned into the road, pulled a branch from one of the saplings that grew overhead as a remembrance of the spot, and in a few minutes more, we were descending the limestone declivities and rough angular passages of the valley side.

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### 'Twill BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!  
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!  
O, how oft do I muse, 'mid the thoughtless and gay,  
On the marvellous truth that these words convey!  
And ~~can~~ it be so? Must the valiant and free  
Have their tenure of life on this frail decree?  
Are the trophies they've reared and the glories they've won  
Only castles of frost-work confronting the sun?  
And must all that's as joyous and brilliant to view  
As a midsummer dream, be as perishing too?  
Then have pity, ye proud ones—be gentle, ye great,  
O remember how mercy becometh your state;  
For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave  
Is eating the chain of the manacled slave,  
And the conqueror's frowns and his victim's tears  
Will be all the same in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!

What a spell-work to conjure up smiles and tears!  
 How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil,  
 Whose heirloom is sorrow, whose birthright is toil!  
 Yet envy not those who have glory and gold,  
 By the sweat of the poor and the blood of the bold;  
 For 'tis coming, howe'er they may flaunt in their pride,  
 The day when they'll moulder to dust by your side.  
 Death uniteth the children of toil and of sloth,  
 And the democrat reptiles carouse upon both;  
 For time, as he speeds on his viewless wings,  
 Disenamels and withers all earthly things;  
 And the knight's white plume, and the shepherd's crook,  
 And the minstrel's pipe, and the scholar's book,  
 And the emperor's crown, and his Cossacks' spears,  
 Will be dust alike in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!

O most magical fountain of smiles and tears!  
 To think that our hopes, like the flowers of June,  
 Which we love so much, should be lost so soon!  
 Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys?  
 Or the breaking of human hearts for toys?  
 Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes?  
 Or "the passion of youth for its darling dreams?"  
 Or the aiming at ends that we never can span?  
 Or the deadly aversion of man for man?  
 What availeth it all? O, ye sages, say,—  
 Or the miser's joy in his brilliant clay?  
 Or the lover's zeal for his matchless prize—  
 The enchanting maid with the starry eyes?  
 Or the feverish conflict of hopes and fears,  
 If 'tis all the same in a hundred years?

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,

How clear soever the case appears;  
 For know ye not that beyond the grave,  
 Far, far beyond, where the cedars wave  
 On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars  
 Come glittering forth in their golden cars,  
 There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,  
 Where we smile to think of the tears in this?  
 And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore  
 Has the thought of death in his heart no more,  
 But layeth his staff and sandals down  
 For the victor's palm and the monarch's crown.  
 And the mother meets in that tranquil sphere  
 The delightful child she had wept for here;  
 And the warrior's sword that protects the right  
 Is bejewelled with stars of undying light;  
 And we quaff of the same immortal cup,  
 While the orphan smiles, and the slave looks up!  
 So be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears,  
 For 'tis not the same in a hundred years!—*Dublin Telegraph.*



## THE FRENCH IN ROME.

### CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

ROME, July 23d.

The fatigues and exhaustion of travelling threw me into a fever that confined me to my room for several days, but I am fully recompensed for this temporary suffering, by the happiness of having heard mass yesterday at "The mother and head of all the churches of Rome and of the world,"\* the basilica† of St. John of Lateran. The Commander-in-chief and his staff had been invited to this ceremony by the chapter. Through the kindness of a French priest, the abbé Janault, well known to his countrymen for his unfailing politeness, I obtained a very good seat in the choir. It was there, then, in a church of which French monarchs were formerly the protectors, at the foot of these sacred altars, that I saw all the chiefs of the army assembled together for the first time. I was almost entranced with the scene, and could hardly restrain my tears; the brilliant uniforms, the immense throng of suppliants, the vast cathedral glittering with marbles and gildings, the colossal statues, the pictures of incalculable price, the antique mosaics, the melodious hymns, into which broke from time to time glorious bursts of military music; these, and above all the solemnity of the occasion, gave the ceremony an air of heavenly magnificence that at once exalted the soul and filled it with sensations of divinest joy.

When mass was over, the Dean invited the Commander-in-chief and all the officers into the apartments of the palace, where a magnificent collation, consisting of fruits, pastry, ices and sherbets had been prepared. There General Oudinot drank the following toast:

"To the health of our Holy Father! May the generous sentiments of our noble Pontiff never meet an obstacle to their application; may he live long surrounded with the love of his subjects as he is to-day with our respect and devotion. To the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX!"

In the mean time, as I of course took no part in the collation, I made the most of the opportunity of examining the basilica. It derives its name from that Plautius Lateranus who was put to death by Nero's order for his implication in the conspiracy of Piso. His palace on Mt. Cælius, confiscated with the rest of his property, and annexed to the imperial patrimony, was finally presented by Constantine the Great to Pope Sylvester. This pontiff in 325 ordered a basilica to be erected

\* The inscription over the portal.

† The word "basilica," meaning "royal," was first applied by the Greeks to that part of the king's house where justice was administered. It was the name afterwards generally given by the Romans to their halls of justice. The Christians, abhorring the old temples of paganism, preferred these halls for the celebration of their sacred rites for which they were well adapted; the simplicity of their construction and their vast size requiring but a slight modification. To this day throughout Italy the altar retains the name of tribune, as it occupies that part of the building where the judge was accustomed to sit. Basilica soon became the general name for any Christian temple, but it is now applied only to the oldest or most highly honored. The seven basilicas of Rome are St. Peter's, St. John of Lateran's, St. Mary Major's, St. Paul beyond the walls, St. Laurence beyond the walls, St. Sebastian and St. John of Jerusalem.

on the spot, which became the first episcopal church of the Popes, in which they have ever since continued to take possession of the holy see. It was soon the object of the veneration of the faithful and of the liberality of the emperors and the people. It obtained the surnames of "the Palace of God" and "the Golden Basilica" from the richness and splendor of its ornaments, and also that of "the Asylum of Mercy," from having been the first Christian temple that possessed the right of asylum.

It had been called the church of the Holy Saviour until 1194, when Pope Lucian II placed it under the protection of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. Burned in 1308 through the imprudence of a workman, it was rebuilt on a plan that was only partly original, and so enriched with decorations and embellishments, that it lost much of its primitive simplicity. Its principal front, the work of Alexander Galileo, executed during the pontificate of Clement XII, has a more imposing effect, it is said, than that of St. Peter's. Under the grand portico, which is supported by twenty-four marble pillars, I saw the colossal statue of Constantine which had been found in the baths, and under the northern portico that of our Henry IV, the work of Cordier. There are five entrances: one called *La Santa*, is never opened but on Jubilee year. The interior consisting of five naves and ornamented with marble statues of the twelve apostles, has a grand effect; your eyes are almost dazzled with the architectural details of sculpture, painting, and general ornamentation.

It would require a volume to give a list of the wonders at which I long continued to gaze with mingled reverence and delight. There is the chief altar, with four granite pillars sustaining the Gothic tabernacle where among other sacred relics the heads of SS. Peter and Paul are still preserved; there is the magnificent altar of the Holy Sacrament, bearing a tabernacle blazing with precious stones placed between two angels of gilded bronze, and four pillars of antique marble; there is the richly empanelled ceiling where I was not long in discovering the ancient escutcheon of our kings; the very floor is covered with mosaics.

The chapels are for the most part very grand, but the most beautiful of all is that of the Corsini's, of which all I will at present say, is that it surpassed the highest degree of perfection that my imagination could conceive. In a subterranean chapel I noticed particularly a painting of the Blessed Virgin with the lifeless body of the Redeemer in her arms; nothing could be more touching than the expression of grief on the face of the tender mother contemplating her divine Son: it brought the tears into my eyes. The chapel of Torlonia is not yet finished, but they say it will rival the Corsini's in magnificence.

From the basilica we proceeded to a building close by, known by the name of "Scala Santa." It contains a mysterious chapel called the "Sancta Sanctorum," or "Sacred things of the Sainted," from the great number of relics preserved there, among which may be mentioned a very ancient and deeply revered portrait of our Saviour, said to have been painted by St. Luke. To the sanctuary, into which even the Pope himself can rarely enter, you are conducted by three stairways; the middle one, the "Scala Santa" or "Holy Stair," properly

so called, consists of twenty-eight steps of white marble that formerly belonged to the palace of Pilate in Jerusalem. It is to be ascended on the knees in memory of our Lord's passion; you descend by the others. I perceived several Romans thus engaged, and I am told that even princes of royal blood may be often seen, rosary in hand, performing the pious task. I need hardly mention that penetrated with reverence and awe, I did not depart without pressing my lips to the holy steps that had been sanctified by the feet of the Redeemer.\*

Thence we went to visit the Baptistery, built by Constantine to receive baptism from the hands of St. Sylvester. This edifice often ravaged in the old sieges of Rome, was restored to magnificence by the labors of Gregory XIII and Urban VIII. It consists of a basin of basalt surrounded by a double row of pillars of antique porphyry, and it is situated half way between two charming chapels dedicated to St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. I admired some splendid frescoes representing different passages in the life of the founder, particularly his conversion to Christianity, and the famous appearance of the luminous cross. It is here that infidels becoming Christians receive baptism on holy Saturday.

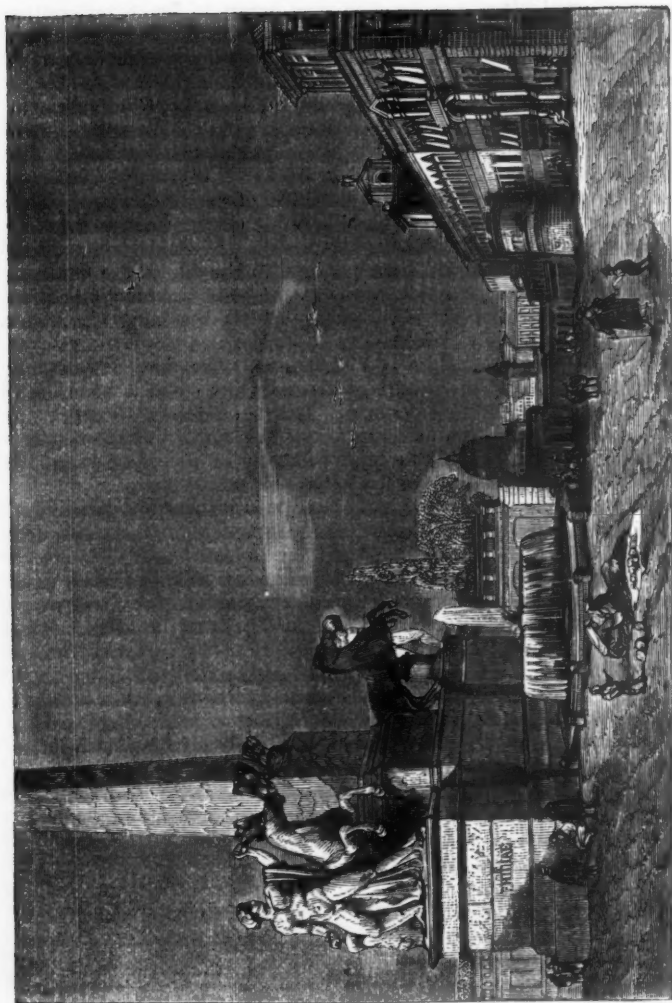
We also visited the palace of Lateran, for more than a thousand years the residence of the pontiffs, where so many councils have been held and error so often condemned. It was rebuilt by Sextus V in 1586, and now contains a museum remarkable for its immense collection of antiquities. Here can be seen many of the most beautiful ancient mosaics and statues; of the latter, the famous one of Sophocles which connoisseurs admire so much, and that wonderful specimen of Grecian physical beauty which we can still behold in the celebrated Antinous.

Crossing the square on our return home, we saw some French regiments going through their evolutions with the same coolness and regularity that they would have displayed at Strasburg or Metz. The admirable conduct of our troops generally, in a city captured with so much labor and blood, can not be too highly extolled. Since their arrival here, though provocation has not been wanting, not a murder, not a robbery, not a single act of violence or even of insubordination, has been laid to their charge. Heaven will assuredly bless such noble hearts engaged in such a glorious cause!

I returned home delighted with a morning's labor that had filled my heart with so many good thoughts and excited in my soul so many Christian recollections.

Adieu. I shall soon write again.

\* The steps of the Scala Santa are now covered with wood, to preserve them from being worn away by the continual crowd of suppliants.



PLACE DE MONTE CAVALLO.

## CHAPTER III.

*An Adventure—The lost Child—Assassination of Rossi—The Seven Hills—Life in Rome.*

ROME, July 24th, 1849.

I HASTEN to resume my pen, for I have many things to tell you. First, about my own adventures, to which, though I confess not very surprising, you may have the goodness to listen; and then, concerning a mournful drama that has lately startled Europe, of whose interesting details I have just been put in possession.

I left my hotel very early this morning, to hear mass and to enjoy the fresh cool air. Two fiery horses, recently broken, whirled me rapidly through narrow and steep streets, the names of which I do not yet know. Relying altogether on the skill of my Roman coachman, I occupied myself in looking at the churches, the palaces, and edifices of all kinds that were passing before me, when, all at once, shrill cries assailed my ears. The horses suddenly halt, and people make a rush towards the carriage. A man dressed in black, the same whose powerful arm had stopped the horses when dashing at full speed over the round and slippery stones, holds up before the eyes of the crowd a little child two or three years of age. It was all the affair of a second: I knew not what to make of it, till the man in black approached me and said in excellent French, with a mild, harmonious voice, "I hope, madam, you will have the kindness to take this child home to his mother."

"Very willingly, sir," I replied with emotion, for at last I understood what had occurred.

The infant, abandoned to himself by the person in whose care he had been left, had crawled out into the middle of the street, and would, infallibly, have been trampled to death by the horses, but for the presence of mind, and the promptitude of action displayed by the gentleman in black, who had chanced to be passing by.

A vegetable-woman recognized the child and told me where its mother lived: I invited the stranger, or rather my countryman, who had so bravely rescued the poor infant from certain death, to accompany me. He hesitated some moments, for he would fain escape the gratitude of the family; but seeing me pale and trembling at the idea of the misfortune that would have occurred but for his intervention, he consented at last to accept a place in the carriage. I recommended the coachman to be more careful in future, took the child on my knees, and we left the place amid a murmur of applause that had succeeded the terrified screams of the multitude.

Now I could remark, at my leisure, the dress and the general appearance of my companion. He was still young, and of a mild, but intellectual countenance. A large overcoat, buttoned up to the chin, and the complete absence of all pretension, revealed the ecclesiastic under the secular dress. I soon learned, in fact, that he was the abbé Dotti, and had been many years living in Rome. His name im-

mediately struck me as familiar, and I remembered that he had been mentioned among the clergymen, who, like M. Luquet, the abbé du Cosquet and M. de Merodi, had shown admirable devotion in their attention to the wounded soldiers.

"These Romans are incredibly negligent," said he, smiling, however, with an air of kindness at the little fellow, half naked, sitting in my lap; "their children are so often left to themselves, that I am surprised they do not meet with more accidents."

"Where are we?" I inquired. "Have we far to go before we arrive at the place indicated?"

"About half a mile, madam."

I stopped the carriage to purchase some cakes for the child, who seemed rather frightened at seeing only strange faces around him. As I was making my purchase, a travelling dealer, carrying on his back a kind of basket ornamented with branches, came up to offer for sale some slices of watermelons, prettily arranged among the green leaves, with the usual taste of these people. This sight was so agreeable, that I joined the watermelons to the cakes: both seemed to rejoice the little fellow very much and he was soon quite at his ease.

"What great palace is that?" I asked the abbé, as I resumed my seat in the carriage.

"That is the palace of the Chancellory, madam."

"Is it not there the Count Rossi, was assassinated?"

"Precisely, I was passing by the square at the very moment he was entering that little court which you see from here. It was a terrible scene, and the recollection of it still fills me with horror."

"Would you be good enough to relate it, sir? for the details of the mournful event are entirely unknown to me."

The abbé sighed like a man still impressed with a painful remembrance; but he acceded to my request.

"You are of course aware," said he, "that the Holy Father, in the difficulties, in which he found himself placed by the guilty ambition of some rebellious subjects, thought proper to call the Count Rossi to the ministry, offering him the first place in the council."

"Pellegrino Rossi, born at Carrara, was tall and commanding in stature: his countenance expressed disdain and his temper was passionate: but he possessed a subtle, penetrating intellect, vast information, and a pithy and persuasive eloquence. Banished from his country, in consequence of the political contests in which he had engaged at an early age, he retired to Geneva, and there gained great reputation as a lawyer and an orator. Subsequently he removed to Paris, where he was greatly distinguished for the splendor of his talents. Becoming naturalized, and made a French peer, he was appointed ambassador to Rome by Louis Philip, and, after the revolution of February, he continued to reside in this city, being unwilling to submit to the authority of the republic."

Count Rossi was 61 years old when appointed chief minister by Pius IX. His comprehensive mind had measured at a glance all the difficulties of such a position: he accepted it only with repugnance, and after holding long discussions with the Duke d'Harcourt to obtain

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the consent of France. A religious sentiment, which perhaps had never completely abandoned him, and which in his later years had been aroused more strongly than ever, influenced his decision, and he resigned himself with devotion to the service of the Sovereign Pontiff. An indefatigable minister, he displayed talents, zeal, and an energy that made his enemies tremble, and inspired them with the plot of which he became the victim.

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## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

#### BAPTISM—ASSEMBLES DISCIPLES.

THE scenes of our Lord's infancy, so consoling to the poor and afflicted, so full of food for contemplation and tender meditation, have been handed down to us by Mary's care, from Mary's lips. His succeeding years, from his flight into Egypt, years when ripening age brought forth the more endearing qualities, which had been concealed beneath the veil of helpless infancy, have with one exception, been shrouded from us. Consoling indeed for his servants, when treated as aliens and enemies, would it be to know how the man God bore reproach and ignominy from the Egyptian unbeliever: consoling in poverty to witness him at his daily toil; ill paid, defrauded and despised. But here contemplation alone can follow him, no recorded words remain to tell us what Mary must have related.

Except one incident, instructive alike of his divine mission, his infinite wisdom, his future passion and resurrection, we know nothing of our Saviour till he reached the age of thirty, "He was subject to Joseph and Mary," alone is told us. He now resolved to begin his public life. It was the age when the law permitted a man to speak in public, and to that law he had ever conformed. He announced his resolve to his Blessed Mother. With anguish had she looked forward to this day of trial, when she was to surrender her beloved son to toil and death. Solemn and affecting was their parting.

"A son that never did amiss,  
That never shamed his mother's kiss,  
Nor crossed her fondest prayer."<sup>a</sup>

Jesus could not be unmoved by his mother's grief and forebodings; but he reminded her to offer him as her forefather Abraham had offered his only son, as the mother of the Macchabees had offered all. Then poor and unfriended he descended the hill side of Nazareth and turned towards the Jordan. Sinless, he was to take the livery of sin; like a sinner was he to be baptized, like a weak mortal be exposed to the temptations of Satan.

His precursor, John the son of Zachary and Elizabeth, was already announcing the advent of the Messiah and calling people to penance. From his baptizing

<sup>a</sup> Keble.

those who were sincerely penitent he had already received the name of Baptist. Leaving the desert of Judea he had gone to

“Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,”



THE RIVER JORDAN.

and there was visited by thousands, some led by curiosity, some expecting to see the long expected Messiah, some moved by true devotion.

“There to thy sacred limbs the camel gave  
A garment coarse; the rock a bed supplied;  
The stream thy thirst; locusts and honey wild  
Thy hunger satisfied.”\*

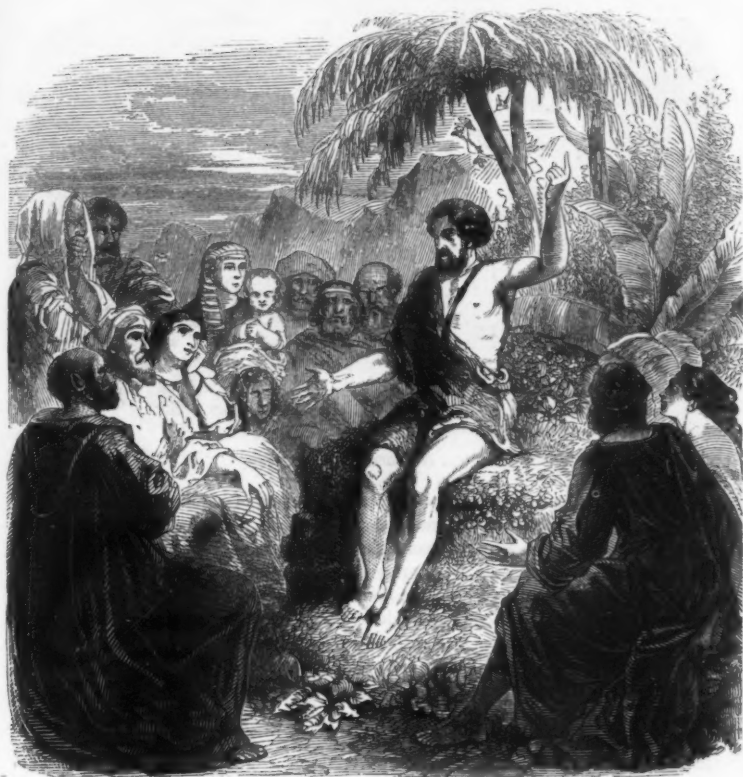
His teachings full of the spirit of God were suited to every rank: plain and simple, they went to the hearts of his hearers, and few indeed could gaze on his wasted form, his harsh covering, less a protection than a torment, and not feel compunction for the luxurious ease and comfort lavished on their own sinful bodies.

Like his Divine Redeemer he spoke with authority: the haughty Scribes and Pharisees met his stern rebuke, but to the humble, contrite sinner he was all gentleness.

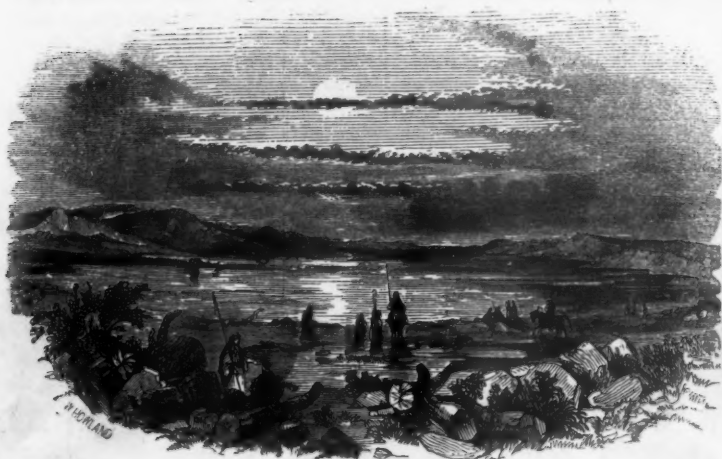
After a long and painful journey, in which solitary his thoughts turned to himself, and made him taste in anticipation the bitter cup of Calvary, Jesus reached the desert, where John was baptizing at Bethabara beyond the Jordan,† at a spot some

\* Caswall.

† John, i, 28.



leagues from its mouth, opposite to Jericho, which lay far to the left, beyond a broken plain of deep ravines and awful chasms, rendered more frightful by the long thorny willowy plants that cover it. On the right, hidden in part by a mountain height, stretched away in the distance the dreary basin of Lake Asphaltites, "the Dead Sea," doom and tomb alike of the guilty cities, whose punishment however, was to be less in the day of fearful reckoning than that of those cities, which were about to hear the words of the Messiah, to see his wondrous works, yet turn away unfaithful, unconverted. At Bethabara, where John then was, both banks of the Jordan, that "river of judgment," were lined with pliant osiers, stately poplars and tamarinds, fair blooming oleanders, and other trees and shrubs, where birds unnumbered built their nests, and wild beasts lurked by day or prowled by night.



THE DEAD SEA.

John was not alone when Jesus approached; many of his disciples were around him, to whom he had already announced the Christ. By divine inspiration he now recognized the Redeemer, even as he had recognized him when still unborn, even as God's saints recognize his presence in the tabernacle of his love.

"Behold!" he cried, "behold the lamb of God, behold him who taketh away the sin of the world. This is he of whom I said: after me cometh a man, who is preferred before me, because he was before me. And I knew him not, but that he may be made manifest in Israel, therefore am I come baptizing in water."<sup>\*</sup>

Jesus meanwhile approached and presented himself for baptism; but John conscious of his own unworthiness, shrunk from subjecting his Divine Master to the ceremony of humiliation. "I ought to be baptized of thee and comest thou to me." But Jesus replied; "Suffer me for this time: for so it becometh us to fulfill all justice." Then John yielded, and our Divine Lord stepped into the stream: and his precursor, poured over his sacred brow the water, which thenceforth sanctified, became in baptism possessed of divine power, washing away sin, when poured in virtue of his blood, and in his all powerful name.

"A youth arrayed in vest of camel's hair,  
 Standing upon a rock projecting there,  
 Poured forth the waters on the son of God,  
 From out the rapids of the crystal flood;  
 A chosen band stands on the verdant sward,  
 In snow white garments to receive their Lord;  
 The Holy Spirit hastens from above,  
 And hovers o'er him like a gentle dove  
 Sent from his glory by the Eternal Sire,  
 With beams adorned and circumfused with fire."

<sup>\*</sup> John, i, 29-31.



For when the baptism was ended, and Jesus stepped forth from the stream rapt in prayer; "Lo, the heavens were opened to him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him, and a voice from heaven was heard proclaiming, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Thus did the Almighty Father announce his beloved Son to the world, thus was the mystery of the adorable Trinity clearly presented to the world; the voice of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost descending.

John full of consolation and joy, could now like Simeon exclaim: "Now O Lord thou dost dismiss thy servant according to thy word in peace, because mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all thy people."

He had been warned by the Almighty—"He upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining upon him, he it is that baptizeth in the Holy Ghost," and now that he had seen the Holy Ghost descend as a dove, and remain upon Jesus, he declared again to his disciples: "This is the Son of God." His mission was ended. "This my joy is filled. He must increase and I diminish." But his disciples clung to him, and only on a subsequent day, when our Lord returned from that frightful wilderness, where for forty days and nights he had prepared himself for his mission by fasting and prayer: tempted by Satan, but overcoming him by humility and love of God,—it was only after this, that when John again pointed to Jesus, exclaiming: "Behold the Lamb of God," that two of his disciples, apparently John and Andrew, followed our Lord to his humble abode, and hung in ecstasy on his divine lips. Andrew on the next day brought Simon, whom our Lord named Peter, or his Rock, Philip and Bartholomew were next added to his little company of disciples, as he was about to return to Galilee.

## THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—VIII.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Continued from p. 730, Vol. 2.

#### HOW THE RAVEN THREW AWAY THE POISONED BREAD.

WHEN now that region far and wide, began to be inflamed with the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and many leaving the secular life, might bow their necks under the light yoke of the Redeemer, as it is the custom of the wicked to envy others the virtue which they do not desire for themselves, a presbyter of a neighboring church, Florentius by name, and grandfather of our own Florentius the subdeacon, stung with the malice of the evil one, began to be jealous of the exercises of the holy man, and to disparage his manner of life, and to prevent as many as he could from going to visit him. And when he found that he could not hinder his progress, but that the fame of his good life went on increasing, and that many, only by hearing the story of his praises, instantly embraced the higher state of life, goaded yet more and more by the stings of envy, he grew daily worse: because the applause of that good life he coveted, indeed, but for the praiseworthy life itself, he cared nothing. At length in the blindness of his gloomy heart, he went so far as to send to the servant of Almighty God, poisoned bread, as if for a blessing. The man of God accepted it with thanks, but the hidden bane did not lie hid from him. At the hour of his repast, a raven was wont to come from the neighboring forest, and take bread from his hand. And when it had come in the usual manner, the man of God threw to the raven the bread which the presbyter had sent him, and commanded it, saying: "in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, take up this bread and cast it in a place where no man shall be able find it." Then the raven, with open beak and expanded wings, began to run to and fro around the bread, to croak and as it were to declare that he was ready to obey, but was not able to fulfil the command. But he charged it again and again, saying: "lift! lift boldly, and hurl it where it cannot be found." And after some delay, the raven seized it, raised and bore it away. At the end of three hours, having thrown away the bread, it returned to the man of God, and received from his hand its usual portion.

The venerable Father, however, seeing that the priest had designs upon his life, grieved for him rather than for himself. But Florentius, when he could not kill the body of the master, exerted himself to destroy the souls of the disciples: wherefore, in the garden of that house where Benedict resided, he introduced seven girls, who holding each other by the hand, and dancing naked before them, were to kindle their minds with criminal lust. Which the holy man discovering from his cell, and fearing the fall of his frailer disciples, and considering it was done only to persecute himself, he gave place to hatred, and appointed over each of the monasteries he had established, a superior chosen from the brothers attached to the same; and taking with himself a few of the monks, he changed his place of residence. And shortly after he thus meekly retired before the malignity of the other, Almighty God smote terribly this last. For as the presbyter stood in his balcony, exulting at the news that Benedict had retreated, while every other part of the whole house stood firm, this balcony fell, and crushed to death the enemy of Benedict. Maurus, the disciple of the holy man, supposing it ought to be made known



immediately to the venerable Father, who was distant about ten miles from that place, sent in haste, saying: "come back, for the one who persecuted thee is killed!" Hearing which, the man of God, Benedict, gave way to mournful lamentations, for that his enemy was fallen, and that his disciple should exult at the death of the persecutor. Wherefore also he imposed a penance upon that disciple, because by such a message, he had presumed to rejoice in the destruction of their enemy.

PETER.—These things are wonderful and indeed awful! In the water produced from the rock, I remember Moses [Num. xx. 11]; in the iron which swam upon the water, Eliseus [4 Kings, vi, 7]; in the walking upon the water, Peter [Matt. xiv, 29]; in the obedience of the raven, Elias [3 Kings, xvii, 6]; and in his sorrow for the death of his enemy, I see David [2 Kings, i, 11]. This man, as I think, was full of the spirit of all the saints.

GREGORY.—The holy Benedict, Peter, had the spirit of the one true God, who by the grace of his redemption hath filled the hearts of all the elect, of whom John saith: "That was the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Of whom also it is written: "Of his fulness we all have received." Holy men indeed could hold these powers from the Lord, but not communicate them to others. But He gave the signs of virtue to his subjects, and promised to be himself the sign of Jonas to his enemies: so that he was pleased to die before the proud, and to rise before the humble: whereby the former should see what they might despise, and the latter what, with reverence, they should love. From which mystery it hath come to pass, that while the proud regard the shame of death, the humble instead of death partake of the glory of his power.

PETER.—May I ask to what place the holy man removed, after these things, or if he showed other mighty works again in those parts.

GREGORY.—The holy man removing thence changed his place, but not his enemy. For afterwards he engaged in conflicts by so much the more serious, as he met the Prince of Evil himself in open combat. The town of Cassino is situated on the side of a lofty mountain, which holds the town as it were upon its lap, but rising far above, and reaching away to a distance of three miles, it seems to lift its head to the skies. There was upon it a temple of remote age, in which Apollo was worshipped by the silly rustics, after the manner of the ancient heathen. On every side were groves devoted to the service of demons, in which, even as in the times of the unbelievers, the insane multitude was wearying itself with sacrilegious sacrifices. The man of God therefore coming hither, broke in pieces the idol, overturned the altar, burned the groves, and in the temple of Apollo established the chapel of blessed Martin, and where Apollo's altar had stood, built that of St. John; while with unwearied preaching he summoned to the faith the people in all that neighborhood. But the old enemy of man resenting this, not secretly nor in a dream, but in plain sight, obtruded himself upon the presence of the Father, and with loud clamors complained of the violence done to him, so that even the brothers could hear the voice, though they might not discern his shape. And as the venerable Father told his disciples, there appeared to him, bodily, the enemy of our race, most horrible and on fire, who seemed to be raging with flaming mouth and eyes against him. What he said indeed, all heard: at first he called him by name. But when the man of God made no answer, he broke out into abuse. For when he cried, "Benedict! Benedict!" and no answer whatever was given, immediately he went on; "O cursed one! Maledict! and not Benedict! what hast thou to do with me? why dost thou persecute me?"

But now let us turn to other combats of the servant of God, which the malignant spirit waged against him with full intent, though the occasions of victory he thereby furnished, were not so intended.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### OF THE ROCK THAT WAS LIFTED AT THE SAINT'S PRAYERS.

ONE day while the brothers were at work building the cells of the monastery, there lay at hand a stone which they intended to raise upon the building. And when two or three were not able to lift it, many others joined with them, but still it remained as immovable as if it had taken root in the earth: by which might be very plainly understood, that the evil spirit himself sat upon it, when so great a force of men could not move it. In this trouble therefore they sent to the man of God, asking that he would come and by his prayers expel the evil one, so that the stone might be raised. Shortly after, he came, and praying gave his blessing, when the heavy rock was lifted as readily as though it had no weight.

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## CHAPTER X.

### OF THE PHANTOM FIRE OF THE KITCHEN.

THEN in his presence, the holy man would have them to dig up the earth in the same place. When having dug to some depth, the brothers found there a brazen idol. This, for the time, happened to be thrown into the kitchen, when all at once fire seemed to break forth, and in the eyes of all the monks showed as if the whole building where the kitchen was situated was about to be consumed; and while with throwing water and as if extinguishing the fire, a great tumult was created, the man of God disturbed by the noise, approached. He, considering that the fire, because not seen by himself, existed only in the imagination of the brethren, immediately bowed his head in prayer; and calling back the brothers whom he found to be deluded by the false fire, admonished them to sign themselves with the cross, that their eyes might be opened to see how the building stood unhurt, and that the flames were an illusion of the evil spirit.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### OF THE YOUNG NOVICE CRUSHED BY A FALLING WALL, AND MADE WHOLE BY THE SAINT'S PRAYERS.

ANOTHER time while the brothers were building a wall, which it was necessary for certain reasons to carry up to an unusual height, the man of God abode in prayer within his cell. To whom the evil spirit appeared, and contemptuously advised him to go and see the brethren at work. This the holy man immediately notified to the brethren by a messenger, saying: "Brethren, be on your guard, for in this hour Satan comes to you." But he who carried the word scarcely finished

speaking, when the malignant spirit overthrew the wall on which they were employed; and this falling upon a little boy, a novice and the son of a senator, buried him beneath the ruins. All sorrowful and deeply afflicted, not by the destruction of the wall, but by the injury of their brother, strove to make known as soon as possible the sad accident to the venerable Father Benedict. The Father thereupon bid them bring the mutilated child to him. To do which they were forced to carry him upon a blanket; because the rocks from the wall had not only bruised his limbs, but fractured his bones. The holy man directed them to lay him out immediately in his cell, upon the mat whereon he was accustomed to pray, and sending all out from his cell, shut the door, and most earnestly bowed down to prayer. Wonderful to relate, that same hour he sent him forth without a wound, and well as before, to the same labor, that together with the brothers, he himself should complete the wall, with whose death the evil spirit had thought to insult Benedict.

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## CHAPTER XII.

OF THE MONKS WHO PARTOOK OF FOOD WHILE AWAY FROM THE MONASTERY.

ABOUT this time also the man of God began to be distinguished with the spirit of prophecy; to predict future events, and to reveal things absent as if present. It was a custom of the house, that whenever the brothers might go abroad upon any business, they should not taste food or drink outside of the monastery. And while this point of discipline was strictly observed, one day they went out on some affair which detained them to a late hour, when thinking to rest at the house of a religious woman, they entered and partook of food. Late in the day they returned to the monastery, and according to custom went to ask the blessing of the Father. When he immediately questioned them: "where did you eat?" They answering, "no where;" he says: "why tell this falsehood? Did you not enter the house of such a woman? Did you not take such and such food? Did you not drink so many cups?" And as the venerable Father named to them the dwelling of the woman, the kinds of food and the number of the potations, remembering all they had done, they fell terrified at his feet, and confessed their fault. Immediately however he forgave them, considering that it would not happen again, since they knew him though absent to be in spirit present to them.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE MAN OF GOD KNEW THAT THE BROTHER OF VALENTINIANUS HAD  
EATEN ON THE ROAD.

Again, the brother of Valentinianus, the monk whom I have mentioned above, was a layman, but a very devout person. Who, that he might have the prayers of the servant of God, and might see his brother, was accustomed every year to come fasting, from his own place, to the monastery. One day, therefore, while journeying to the monastery, another traveller joined him, who carried with him his wallet of provisions for the road. And after some hours had passed on, he said: "come brother, let us eat something, to help us on the way." To whom

he answered: "far from it, brother, I may not do so, for I am always accustomed to approach the venerable Father Benedict, fasting." Receiving which answer, his fellow traveller was silent for a time. But after journeying a little farther, he proposed again that they should take food. The one who had determined to keep his fast, would not consent. He who had invited him to eat was silent, and consented to keep on fasting a little longer. And after they had travelled a long way, and with the late hour were weary from their walk, they found by the road a meadow and spring of water, with whatever else might seem to make it delightful for a resting place. Then the companion says: "Lo, the water! the meadow! See the pleasant place, where we can refresh ourselves and rest a little, that afterwards we may have strength to finish our journey safely." Since therefore the words were grateful to the ear, and the places charming to the eye, moved by the third solicitation, he consented and ate; toward evening he arrived at the monastery. And being presented to the venerable Father Benedict, he asked a blessing for himself; but then the holy man charged him with what he had done on the way, saying: "How is this, brother, that the evil spirit who spoke to thee through thy fellow-traveller, could not persuade thee the first, nor the second time, but the third time he prevailed, and brought thee to do his will?" Then he, acknowledging the frailty of his poor feeble mind, prostrate at his feet, wept and blushed for his fault, by so much the more, as he was conscious that the Father Benedict even absent had witnessed his imperfection.

PETER.—I perceive that the holy man breathed the spirit of Eliseus, who when his disciple was absent continued present to him.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### HOW HE DETECTED THE FRAUD OF KING TOTILA.

GREGORY.—Wait but a little, Peter, and you shall hear what is still more wonderful.

In the times of the Goths, when Totila, their king, had heard how the holy man was possessed of the gift of prophecy, proceeding to his monastery, he halted a short distance from it and sent forward a message that he was coming. And when immediately word was sent back from the monastery, inviting him to do so, he in the perfidiousness of his heart, attempted to find out whether the holy man were a prophet. There was a sword bearer of his, named Riggo, to whom he gave his own sandals, invested him with the royal robes, and ordered him to go as if in his person, to the man of God. And with him, for courtiers, he sent three of his knights, who were especially in his confidence, namely: Vult, Roderic and Blidin, to walk at his side, pretending before the servant of God that he was Totila. And he added also other officers and attendants, that both from his retinue and his royal robes, he might be supposed to be the king. Thus decorated, and followed by all his train, Riggo entered the monastery, where the man of God was seated far in the distance. Who, when he saw him approaching, and as soon as he was within hearing, called out: "Put off, my son, put off that dress; it is not thine." And now Riggo fell upon the earth faint with fear, because he had presumed to mock so great a man; and all who had come with him, sunk down in consternation. Then rising up, they by no means presumed to come nearer to him, but returning to their king, related with trembling how speedily they had been detected.

# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER VI.

"HA, ha! very well, I declare! and so there you are at last!" said uncle Jerry, raising his spectacles to his forehead and peering at Dr. Camberwell as he entered the room, a few days after the events related in the last chapter.

"Good morning, sir, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, "any calls since I left?"

"No; none but Lanty Hanlon," replied Mr. Guirkie, pulling down his spectacles again, and resuming his employment, "and there's a mallard wing he brought me," pointing at it sideways with his eye, "not worth a brass button."

"Don't doubt it in the least," observed the doctor, "couldn't expect any thing else."

"Why—just look at it. Mrs. Motherly's blue drake out in the yard there has better feathers for a June trout by all odds."

"It looks like the wing of a young gray turkey, don't it?"

"Upon my word it's a fact—the spots are as big as the point of my thumb, every one of them."

"Well you'll find Lanty out yet, some day or other I suspect," said the doctor, sitting down on the sofa apparently much fatigued. "He's the most bothersome fellow in the parish."

"It was about the child he came," resumed Mr. Guirkie, "I had almost forgotten it, about that widow woman's child down at Ballymastacken."

"What's the matter with it?"

"The measles," responded uncle Jerry.

"The measles!"

"Yes, and I prescribed," said uncle Jerry, "in your absence; so I suppose you'll scold me for it, eh?"

"Scold you! no. Why should I scold you? Upon my word, you know quite enough about the profession to turn doctor yourself. And so you prescribed;—what did you give him?"

"Gin, of course—good Hollands, and to be taken freely."

"Capital," said the doctor, "the very best medicine you could order."

"Well, so I thought. But only at a certain stage of the disease, eh?"

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"Oh, of course, at the incipient stage!"

"Very true," said uncle Jerry, "that's just it, precisely," and he laid down the fly he was dressing, to wax a silk thread, whilst he still continued the subject, apparently much interested, "that's exactly the very thing; taken at the proper time it's the very best medicine in the world. It saved my life once, in Trinidad, when attacked by the small pox."

"Possible?"

"Yes, sir, and I have invariably recommended it in similar cases, ever since."

"No other calls?"

"None to speak of. That Mr. Weeks was here about his headache, or face ache, or whatever ache you please to call it."

"Neuralgia I rather think; and a pretty troublesome acquaintance it is to get rid of."

"I declare," said uncle Jerry, snapping the thread which he should have had the patience to cut with the scissors, "I declare and vow it matters very little whether he ever gets rid of it. He's but a very poor concern, that same Mr. Weeks."

"Oh, I see you have been disputing again, ha! ha!"

"Very well, it's not my fault if we have. I'm sure I never dispute with any one, if I can avoid it."

"No; but still you manage to do it, notwithstanding," said the doctor.

"Never, upon my word and honor," replied Mr. Guirkie, "except when it's forced on me. (There now that hook's as blunt as the very beetle," and he flung it pettishly into the grate.) "I can't sit patiently by, and hear the man still contending that a red hackle is the best in May and June. You wouldn't expect that, I suppose, eh?"

"He must be very unreasonable," yawned the doctor, his eyes half closed from fatigue and want of sleep, for he had been up all night. "Yes, indeed, very unreasonable."

"It was actually presumptuous, considering all my experience to the contrary."

The doctor made an effort to open his eyes and nod.

"I tried to reason him out of it. Upon my word, I reasoned with him as mildly as I would with a child, but you might as well reason with a madman. Why, sir, he's as wrong-headed as a mule, that man, humble and all as he seems. He's a cheat, doctor, that's the whole sum and substance of it."

"Oh, well," said the doctor, rousing himself a little and speaking in a half irritable, half conciliatory tone, "let him have his own way; the point, after all, is not of vital interest to any body, I suppose."

"No, it's of no great consequence, I allow," said uncle Jerry, raising his spectacles a second time to his forehead and looking across the table at the doctor in a manner more impressive than usual. "No, sir, I admit that freely, but the man is exceedingly presumptuous—remarkably so, for a stranger—and I'm much mistaken, doctor, if you yourself, with all your stoicism, would surrender to such a person without protest. Moreover, sir, the gentleman—if he be a gentleman—should avoid provoking me to argument in my own house where he knows he has me at a disadvantage. I say, doctor, it was very indelicate of him, think what you please about it."

"And why do you let the man trouble you at all, if you think so little of him?"

"Trouble me? Oh! I declare," exclaimed uncle Jerry, taking off his spectacles at last and pitching them on the table with a very dissatisfied air, for he was

evidently disappointed in the little interest his friend seemed to take in the subject. "Trouble me—why, I vow to goodness, he may go to Halifax and fish for sculpins if he like, for aught I care one way or other. But am I bound to adopt his errors against both reason and conscience, am I?"

"By no means, why should you?"

"Very well, then," replied Mr. Guirkie, "that's all I want to know," and as if there was no more to be said on the subject, he reached over again for the spectacles: "I know very well," he added, as he looked through them before he put them on, "I know it's quite right that every man should choose whatever side of a question pleases him best; it's republican and democratic, and has always been my way, and ever shall as long as I live; but still I have no hesitation in saying this much, doctor, that it's morally impossible for the man who never ties a horn on a hare's ear, because the natural fly don't wear horns except in July and August, I say that the man who maintains that doctrine, never caught better than graculs or shiners in his life. That's precisely what I think of it, and I shall take occasion to tell the gentleman so at our next meeting."

"Shall I bring in the breakfast?" inquired the housekeeper, opening the door softly, and waiting till uncle Jerry had finished before she interrupted the conversation.

"The breakfast!" he repeated, checking at once the current of his thoughts and looking across at the doctor, now fairly a-doze on the sofa. "The breakfast! I declare that's a fact: well, now, upon my word, I'm the most selfish, thoughtless man in the whole world. There he has been out at sick calls all night and hasn't had a morsel yet to break his fast. Certainly," he replied, nodding at the housekeeper, "certainly, ma'am, send it in by all means."

When the door closed, Mr. Guirkie again resumed his employment, making occasional remarks, now and then, on the quality of the crottel, hare's ear, tinsel catgut and the other various requisites for fly dressing. These observations he intended should reach the doctor, but they did not; for the doctor was asleep. At length having finished his task and put up the materials in their usual place, he came round and touched the sleeper gently on the shoulder.

"Wake up," said he, "and prepare for breakfast, it's just coming in. But how is this, doctor? why dear me! now that I'm near you, one would think you were after a week's march in the Indies. I declare a Seapoy after a three day's drill couldn't look worse. A tedious case, I suppose?"

"Very," muttered the doctor, "very bad, indeed."

"Don't doubt it in the least, you look like it."

"Shocking."

"I declare! and it detained you since midnight?"

"Yes, I left here a few minutes after twelve, with Father John," he replied, yawning and rubbing his eyes as he spoke. "You heard the dog bark at the time under your chamber window—I was afraid he might have disturbed you."

"Heard him! why he set all the dogs in the parish a barking, and they didn't stop for an hour after. I declare he's the most unreasonable animal in that respect I ever heard, at home or abroad. Still it's a conscientious matter with him I suppose, and so we shouldn't blame him. Hah indeed! it was a very shocking case."

"Fourteen of a crew cast ashore on Ballyhanan beach," said Dr. Camberwell, raising up his sleepy eyes sympathetically to those of his venerable relation.

"Fourteen of a crew!! Oh, may the Lord have mercy on them!" exclaimed uncle Jerry in pious astonishment. "That's awful."



"A schooner from New York, bound for Dublin," continued the doctor. "She foundered off Tory Island four days ago. The crew, with the exception of the first mate, who went down with the vessel, took to the long boat, and after drifting about all that time were at length driven ashore last night on Ballyhanan strand."

"May the Lord protect us!" exclaimed uncle Jerry again, slapping his knees with the palms of his hands, and looking terrified at the doctor—"oh dear, oh dear, all dead, all dead?"

"No, no, not *all*," quickly responded the doctor. "Six of them are still living, the rest were dead before we reached the shore."

"The Lord have mercy on them," muttered Mr. Guirkie to himself.

"Were it not for the unwearied attention, and devoted charity of Miss Lee, the light keeper's daughter, I verily believe every soul of them had perished."

"Perished!—after reaching the shore—that's terrible to think of."

"Well, under God, she was the principal means of saving their lives."

"The angel!" exclaimed uncle Jerry, "I must see her immediately."

"Upon my word I believe she's more of an angel than any thing else," said the doctor.

"She is one I tell you—there's no doubt of it whatever—you can see it in her face."

"So you have seen her, then. I thought you had never called at the light-house since this new keeper came."

"Neither have I. 'Twas at the chapel I saw her—and that, only for a second or two. She was kneeling before the picture of the Virgin, and I declare, glancing from one to the other, I could hardly tell which was the lovelier. I have never forgotten that face since for a single day,—it haunts me sleeping and waking, every feature of it seems to me just as familiar as my own."

"It was really one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw," continued the doctor, "to see her kneeling there on the cabin floor administering relief to the poor sufferers. She looked to me the very image of a young sister of mercy I used to see long ago, gliding round the sick beds in the Dublin hospital."

"So full of piety, and so gentle," said uncle Jerry.

"Yes, once as she touched the parched lips of the little cabin boy, with a spoonful of wine and water, her tears fell on his face, it was impossible —"

"I know it," said uncle Jerry, "it was impossible to look at her, without—hem, without feeling—hem, it was very affecting."

"The warm drops as they fell made him raise his eyes to her face, and then such a look of love and gratitude as he gave her, I never saw on human face before."

"It's the goodness of God, doctor, that sends us such creatures, now and again, to reconcile us to our miserable humanity."

"Certainly."

"We should otherwise forget our destiny altogether."

"No doubt of it."

"He scatters them over the dark world, here and there, to brighten and beautify it, as he scatters the stars over the clouded heavens."

"But to return to the sufferers," said the doctor, afraid Mr. Guirkie should fly off into one of his rhapsodies, "one poor fellow, a negro, was all but dead when I left."

"Dear me! all but dead."

"Yes, and had seven of his toes broken besides,

"Lord save us!—seven toes broken!—that's frightful," exclaimed uncle Jerry.

"Four on one foot, and three on the other."

"Most shocking!—and what makes it still worse, he's of the despised race; but the rest—where are they?"

"In the cabin."

"What!—all huddled up together, the living with the dead."

"Why, there was no other place to put them—no house, you know, within a mile of the strand."

"Oh, no! of course not; why should there!" exclaimed uncle Jerry, a little irritated at the disappointment. "Why should there? No, no, there's never any thing where it ought to be. I believe in my soul if there had been a house there, not a shipwreck should ever have happened within leagues of it."

"Don't doubt it in the least," assented the doctor.

"Cross purposes, sir, that's it, cross purposes—every thing in creation pulling against every other thing. It's outrageous—no house there, where of all places in the world it ought to be—I declare to my conscience it's insufferable."

"I know it," said the doctor, "it's too bad to be sure, but so it chances to be."

"Chances! nonsense—there's no such thing as chance—don't believe in it at all." And clasping his hands round his knee, he lifted up his little leg, and commenced rocking away in his chair—a habit he had when any thing troubled him. He asked no more questions; what he heard already supplied him with materials enough for a picture—and he drew it, and gazed at it, till the tears fell in big drops on the carpet. He saw the poor wrecked sailors, stretched on the damp floor of the warren keeper's hut, as plainly as if he had been there in person standing over them."

"Well, there's no use in fretting about it," said he at length, letting his leg fall, and looking out at the rain pattering against the window panes, "it can't be helped I suppose. They'll die, every soul of them, for want of good fresh air and kindly treatment. I know they will. Can nothing be done? I wish to heaven I was there myself; but where's the use of wishing any thing about it; the doctor would never consent to it in such a storm as this. So here I must wait patiently I suppose, and make the best of it. As for that negro, he'll die; oh there's no doubt of it in the world: he'll die, of course, just because he is a negro, and no one to care for him. As for Mary Lee, she may be a tender hearted gentle creature as ever lived, and no one who ever saw her once, could think otherwise; but she's a timid fawny thing I fear, and won't venture near enough, to wet his lips with a spoonful of sangaree, or whisper a kind word in his ear, to keep his heart from sinking. Ay, that's the effect of a black skin—always, always. It was just so in St. Domingo and Alabama, and all over the world. But never mind, never mind, there's a good time coming. It won't be so in heaven, ha, ha," and Mr. Guirkie rubbed his hands smartly together, and chuckled at the thought, "no, no, that's one comfort at least, it won't be so in heaven."

"Why, dear me! there's the doctor fast asleep!" exclaimed the housekeeper, laying down the tray with the breakfast on the table. "Please wake him up, Mr. Guirkie, he needs some refreshment, and should take it hot."

"Never mind him," replied uncle Jerry, a little impatiently, "never mind him. Go away, Mrs. Motherly, if you please, and don't jar the door. I'll wake him the next time he turns over;" and wiping his spectacles with the tail of his morning gown, he commenced reading a newspaper that lay on the table.

Now it happened the paper was a week old or more, and Mr. Guirkie had read it over, advertisements and all, a good half dozen times already. For it being the

only paper taken at the cottage, he always tried, as he said himself, to make the most of it. It was not, therefore, with a view either to entertainment or information that he snapped it up so suddenly as he did, but merely to divert his mind from thinking of the wrecked sailors, and particularly the negro with the broken toes. Mr. Guirkie, as the reader may have suspected, was gentle and full of tender sympathies, and when a case with any thing peculiarly melancholy in it, like the one in question, chanced to get hold of his heart, he never could manage very well to shake it out of it. It was only, therefore, with the desperate hope of excluding from his imagination the picture he had drawn so vividly but a few minutes before, that he clutched the paper so vigorously between his hands and ran his eye so rapidly over the print. It happened, however, notwithstanding the effort he made that his success was by no means complete, for he soon began a sort of low dry whistle without tune or music to it, evidently intended to help the newspaper. When he had read down half a column or more with this accompaniment, he found it, as he always found it before, to be a total failure, and that do what he would, the picture kept always breaking in upon him. At last, unable to resist any longer, he flung the newspaper on the floor, and starting up in a sort of desperation, paced up and down the room, his slippers clattering the while against his heels and his hands as usual clasped behind his back.

"Mr. Guirkie," said the housekeeper, opening the door gently, "Mr. Guirkie."

"What," said Mr. Guirkie, turning on his steps and throwing up his spectacles from his forehead till they were lost in his bushy, gray hair, "what's the matter?"

"Lanty Hanlon's come for more of that medicine, sir, and says the child's doin bravely, and sir, he brought ye the other wing of the wild duck."

"Mrs. Motherly," said uncle Jerry, approaching the door and drawing himself primly up, "I'm engaged. Don't you understand? I'm engaged, ma'am."

"Yes, sir, but ——"

"Well, but, ma'am, I'm not to be imposed on. That fellow has had more gin already than would cure half the parish—quit the room, if you please, and tell that scoundrel to quit the house."

Again Mr. Guirkie turned to the window and looked out on the stormy sky, muttering to himself all the while in short, ejaculatory sentences. At first they were low and hollow, but grew more audible and the words more distinct in proportion as the picture before his mind's eye grew darker.

"Oh nonsense," said he at last, in a declamatory whisper, for he was still afraid to wake the doctor. "Nonsense! nonsense! there's no use whatever in attempting it. And what's more, there never was any use. It was just so, always, just the same old story over and over again, and I verily believe I'm a greater fool now, than I was twenty years ago. Last week I couldn't rest till I saw that distressed widow, just as if it were my business to console widows, just as if it ought to concern me a copper, whether her landlord ejected her or not. But the explanation of it all is, Mr. Jeremiah Guirkie, since that's the name you like to go by, the explanation of it all is, that you're an incorrigible simpleton. Yes, sir, that's the short and long of it. And I saw that very word, last Friday on the doctor's lips, when I gave Lanty the half crown for the hackle, as plain as the light there, only he didn't let it drop. Well, he thought so, of course, why shouldn't he. For ever meddling with other people's business, and neglecting my own. And now, here comes that shipwreck just at the heels of the Weeks' affair to worry me again. Well, all we can say about it, let the negro die,—why not, he's not the first that died neglected. And why should it concern you?" he continued, stopping short

and looking at himself in the mirror above the mantel, "why should it concern you, sir, one way or other? You're mighty charitable, ar'n't you? Take a friend's advice, sir, and mind your own business: you'll have plenty to do; ay, and if the truth were told, more than ever you did do in your life. Of all the people in the world, you're not the very man expected to keep the life in these sailors or soldier new toes on that unfortunate negro, are you?"

Here the soliloquy was interrupted by the doctor speaking in his sleep. Mr. Guirkie turned his head slowly around, and stood in that twisted position for a second or two, looking at the dreamer and waiting to catch the next words. There was a wonderful deal of benevolence in his face as it thus appeared in half profile. The little round blue eyes so full of soft and gentle expression—an expression which his recent effort to steel his heart against the influence of pity had not abated in the least, the small mouth with the corners turned slightly up, like uncle Toby's when listening to Corporal Trim, the smooth, unwrinkled, rosy cheeks, and stiff gray hair standing on end, all tended to convince the beholder of Mr. Guirkie's eccentric habits and kindly nature.

Again the doctor muttered something, and then Mr. Guirkie moved gently over and bent his head down to catch the words.

"The negro! the negro!" ejaculated the sleeper.

"That's it—the negro, of course," repeated uncle Jerry. "He must die—that's what you mean."

"Mary Lee," continued the dreamer, "warm blankets!—the decoction!" and abruptly turning on his side he concluded with a groan that told how fatigued he was, after the labors of the previous night.

"Very well," said Mr. Guirkie, kicking off his slippers, "that puts an end to it. I have no longer a shadow of doubt about my obligations. It's evidently my duty to go down and visit them. That's as plain as the sun, and the doctor's dream is clearly providential," and sitting down on the chair he put on his shoes, and then drew over his leggings from the footstool. "As for the rain," he continued, looking out of the window, "I don't care a farthing about it, one way or other. Neither the heat of the Indies nor the cold of the Canadas has taken a feather out of me, yet. I'm just as good for all practical purposes as ever I was. To be sure it rains and blows hard and fast, but I'm no sugar loaf to melt in the rain, nor a jack straw to be blown away with the wind."

Talking in this strain, he put on his leggings. But he put them on as he always did, in a very careless, slovenly sort of way—omitting a button here and there in his way up to the knees. This time especially he was in somewhat of a hurry, and his thoughts had nothing whatever to do with the buttons. Next he opened his desk as silently as possible, and took out what seemed to be a pocket book, looking round stealthily at the doctor as he secured it under his vest, and finally retired to his chamber to don his seal skin cap and drab surtout with the double cape, a riding dress he never laid aside summer or winter, and from which no one in the neighborhood ever thought of dissociating the idea of uncle Jerry Guirkie. These hasty preparations concluded, he stepped on tiptoe from the parlor and closed the door noiselessly behind him, leaving the doctor sleeping soundly on the sofa, and the breakfast cooling beside him on the table.

On reaching the housekeeper's door, however, great as his hurry was he paused and seemed to deliberate. He was thinking whether he should apprise her of his intended journey, or steal out unobserved. There was danger both ways. If he told, she might wake up the doctor and detain him; if he did not, his absence in

such stormy weather might occasion alarm for his safety. Three or four times he coughed and hem'd slightly at the threshold, bringing his knuckle each time within an inch of the door, and as often drawing it back. At length, however, the fear of giving alarm predominated, and summoning courage, he knocked—but it was a knock in which there was no sign of authority—or rather it was the gentle tap of a child coming to beg alms at a gentleman's back door.

"Mrs. Motherly!" said he, putting his lips to the key-hole and speaking under his breath, "Mrs. Motherly! I'm going out a little, but you needn't disturb yourself. I don't require your services in the least—not in any possible way whatever."

But Mrs. Motherly knew better. She had lived now nearly five years in the family, and understood Mr. Guirkie well, and all about him. Her long residence and her well known fidelity gave her a respectable claim on his consideration, which indeed, however inconvenient he often found it, he never failed to acknowledge. For a long time after she came into the family, Mrs. Motherly kept continually remonstrating with Mr. Guirkie on his foolish ways, as she loved to call them, and frequently when provoked would venture even to scold him sharply, but still in a respectful and affectionate manner—sometimes for his reckless neglect of his health, sometimes for spending his money on objects undeserving of charity, (for uncle Jerry had the habit of slipping a sixpence now and again to the beggars whom Mrs. Motherly thought it her duty to drive from the door,) but most of all for his inveterate disregard of his dress and personal appearance. Of late years, however, she had given him up in despair; relinquishing all hopes of ever being able to correct him, and came at last to the wise conclusion that destined as she was to remain a fixture in the place, and since she could not reform him, why, like a prudent woman, she would let him have his own way and try to do the best she could for him. Still there was one little peculiarity in Mr. Guirkie's conduct, especially for the last year or so, which Mrs. Motherly sometimes found it rather hard to put up with, and that was, his want of regard for her feelings in presence of third parties—the doctor and his sister of course excepted—this was particularly the case when company happened to be at the house, or when he chanced to come across her any where beyond the walls of the cottage. Alone with her at home he was as tractable as a child; for the fact was, and it may as well be told now as again, the fact was, he feared Mrs. Motherly. It's no doubt a lamentable admission, but not the less true for all that. And the reason was clear: Mrs. Motherly was a woman of such excellent qualities in her way, that uncle Jerry could not help entertaining a great respect for her; then she took such a lively interest in his affairs that he felt she had a good right to his confidence, and he yielded it willingly; and last of all, with all her humility she had such force of character, that he generally found it easier to submit than quarrel with her. Whether our readers of the sterner sex—and we write down the word sex in order to save it from growing entirely obsolete—whether they shall ever agree to adopt Mr. Guirkie's rule of conduct in this respect as the safest and the wisest is more than we dare to predict; but still we might venture to say, judging from the present aspect of things and making all necessary allowance for the progressive spirit of the age, that such a revolution in the ordinary relations of life would not, after all, be so very extraordinary an event.

In the house and alone with Mrs. Motherly, uncle Jerry as we have said already, was as tractable as a child. He would turn back at her bidding, were his very foot in the stirrup, and sit down to let her sew a button on his shirt or tie a more becoming knot on his cravat—nay, sometimes when hard pressed, would hand her his

purse for safe keeping—a precaution, by the way, she generally took when she suspected him of going up to the Blind Fiddler's in the Cairn or down to the widow with the three twins at Ballymastacken. From home, however, or in presence of strangers, he was quite another man. On such occasions, his whole bearing towards her underwent a change. He would draw himself up to the very highest stretch of his dignity, address her in a dictatorial tone, and otherwise deport himself towards her as if he regarded her in no other light than that of an ordinary waiting-woman. When any one about the table chanced to make honorable mention of Mrs. Motherly, which indeed those who were aware of uncle Jerry's little weakness often did for their own amusement, it was amusing to see then how the old man would pout his lips, throw himself back, and admit with a patronizing air, that she was—really was an honest, trustworthy servant—had her little whims, to be sure, as every one had—but, nevertheless, was a right trusty and obedient housekeeper.

This change in Mr. Guirkie's conduct towards her, Mrs. Motherly was for a long time unable to account for, and the anxiety she felt about the cause of it was far more painful to her than the thing itself. The secret of all was, however, and the reader must be told it by all means, the secret was, that uncle Jerry's friends were in the habit of plaguing him about Mrs. Motherly; that is to say, about certain little leanings in that direction. They made no direct, specific charges—not one—but they kept forever indulging in sly winks and innuendoes, which mortified the poor man much more than plain downright accusations. Amongst these friends, Mr. Thomas Petersham, or Captain Tom Petersham, as he was generally called, held a conspicuous place. Mr. Petersham, as the reader may have seen already, was a good natured, jolly sort of a man as one might care to meet with any where. He cracked a good joke, rode a good horse, kept a good table, sung a good song, sailed the fastest yacht between Fanit Point and the Skerries, and never looked or felt happier in his life than when he had uncle Jerry at his elbow to hob-nob with him after dinner. This gentleman had so often plagued Mr. Guirkie—and he did it in a quiet, provoking way, his eye sparkling the while with the spirit of the grape and mischief together—that the good little man at last thought it prudent to assume a cold and distant reserve towards his respectable housekeeper in the presence of strangers, in order, we suppose, to offset disagreeable suspicions. Now of all men in the world Mr. Guirkie would be the last to think of such an attachment. The thing was entirely out of the course of his thoughts; or if the idea ever could by any chance cross his mind, he would, very probably, walk up to the looking glass and laugh himself out of countenance for entertaining it for an instant. He was now sixty years of age, but as hale and hearty as he was at twenty-five—a wealthy, happy old bachelor, who had travelled half the world over—been in all sorts of society—studied men and books till he grew tired of both, and at last settled down quietly at Greenmount, resolved to spend the remainder of his days and his money as far away from city life as possible, without the remotest idea of ever changing his condition.

As for Mrs. Motherly, poor soul, the thought of a nearer or holier relation between them than that of an honest, faithful servant to a kind, indulgent master, never entered her mind. She never, to be sure, looked on herself as an ordinary house servant. She was above that, both by early education and household accomplishments, and she knew it; and every one else knew it just as well, the moment she made her appearance. It was as plain as the alphabet. Her clean white apron, her neat well plaited cap, her bunch of polished keys at her girdle,



and above all her intelligent, respectable countenance, bespoke at once her authority and the right she had to exercise it. As for any thing beyond that, she never dreamt of it. And so uncle Jerry and Mrs. Motherly lived very happily together, each well satisfied with the other, the latter yielding a reasonable obedience and the former exercising a reasonable authority. If any thing ever did happen, once in a long time, to create a little dryness between them, it was sure to be that unfortunate habit he had of treating her unkindly before company. In vain did she try to shame him out of it, when she had him to herself all alone of a quiet evening after tea—he with his flies and she with her stocking sitting cosily together; in vain did she draw on his nice sense of propriety to rebuke him, nay, sometimes when more than commonly provoked, actually charge him to his face with having taken an ungentlemanly advantage of her position to mortify her. All was in vain. To every complaint she made on that head, uncle Jerry turning away his face to hide his confusion, and making many a *hem* and *hah* to clear his throat, would invariably acknowledge that it might appear strange, but he had his own reasons for it. This indeed was all the explanation he ever gave, and do what she would, all Mrs. Motherly could ever get out of him. But to return.

"Mrs. Motherly," whispered uncle Jerry through the keyhole, "Mrs. Motherly," he repeated in a hard underbreath. "I'm going out a little, but you needn't trouble yourself in the least about it, and please tell the doctor when he wakes, that I'll return presently."

But the good woman turned the key in the lock, before he had quite done speaking, and presented herself before him, her left hand pressed against her plump side, and a look of astonishment, half affected, half real, pictured in her face.

Uncle Jerry raised himself suddenly up from his stooping posture, and gazed at Mrs. Motherly without saying a word.

"Well," at length ejaculated the latter, breaking silence, "what's the matter?"

"Why!" responded Mr. Guirkie, "what is the matter. It's no harm to go out, I suppose."

"No, but what does it *mean*?" inquired the matron, surveying the diminutive figure of Mr. Guirkie from head to foot, "what does it mean, in such weather as this?"

"Well, that's it, it may look a little odd, to be sure, but I can't help it."

"Why good gracious, look at the rain streaming down the window. Is it crazy you are, to venture out in such a hurricane?"

"Oh, it's not so bad as that, Mrs. Motherly."

"Bad!—it's a downright water spout."

"Well, never mind—it won't signify. I'll return as soon as possible."

"And where, may I ask sir, do you propose to go?" inquired Mrs. Motherly, folding her arms in her apron, and looking like one who thinks she has a right to put the question.

"Go," repeated uncle Jerry.

"Yes. It can't surely be any thing less than life and death, that would bring you out such a day as this, after the rackin' cough you had yesterday."

"Well, that's just it," replied uncle Jerry—"it's a very serious affair; but you need feel no concern about my catching cold. I'm now very prudent, I assure you in that respect," and he buttoned another button in the breast of his coat.

"Prudent! the Lord be about us, and save us, just listen to that! Well, may I never do harm, if that don't beat Banagher out and out. Prudent, humph! were you prudent, when you gave your new under coat to the Blind Fiddler last



week, and came home to me shivering, like an old pensioner in an ague fit—were you?"

"Hush! hush!—you needn't speak so loud, Mrs. Motherly," he replied, glancing at the parlor door, "I acknowledge I was wrong in that instance, and what more can you expect of me?"

"And were you prudent, when you gave the five shilling piece to that villain of an old soldier, Manus McGillaway, till he got drunk and stole six of my geese, that the like of them weren't to be seen in the parish."

"And how could I foresee? —"

"Yes, sir, but you did, though; you knew in your heart and soul he was a thief, and especially when he got drunk, that nothing was too hot or heavy for him. You knew that well, sir. And what's more, Mr. Guirkie, you encourage the villain in his thievery, to my own knowledge."

"I encourage him?" exclaimed uncle Jerry.

"Yes sir, *you*. When Mr. Petersham sent him that wet day last week for his coat to Castle Gregory, with a token to his sister, it was six bottles of brandy, he asked for instead of the coat, and you gave him a shilling out of your own very fingers, for playing the trick."

"I declare!" exclaimed uncle Jerry again, after a moment's reflection, "I believe I must admit —"

"Oh, admit—you're very good at admissions, but where's the use of them, ar'n't you just as bad as ever, after all your promises and admissions? God help me, any way, my heart's broke with you, so it is."

"Indeed," replied uncle Jerry, tapping his lips with the but of his riding whip, and looking as crest fallen, as a boy caught stealing apples, "indeed it's nothing but the truth, I'm very troublesome, I suppose, to every body I have any dealings with. But you'll excuse me, Mrs. Motherly, it's time I was gone, if I mean to go at all," and he began to sidle off from his housekeeper towards the hall door.

"Stop," cried Mrs. Motherly, as he lifted the latch, "you're not going out that way, are you."

"What way?"

"Why look at your leggings," and she pointed towards them with her finger.

"My leggings!"

"Yes, don't you see you've buttoned them on the wrong legs."

"That's nonsense! that's absurd—the wrong legs!"

"Absurd or not, it's the fact, nevertheless, the tongues are both on the inside, and the buttons too."

"Well, I declare," said uncle Jerry, turning his little leg round and round, as if seeking for some pretext, on which to justify the blunder; "I declare," he repeated, "I declare upon my word and honor, it's very strange, but surely I must have been asleep, when I put them on."

"Oh you needn't be trying to make any excuses about it—it's just of a piece with all the rest," said Mrs. Motherly, handing him a chair to sit on, while she knelt down beside him, to adjust the difficulty, "that's the first time you buttoned your own leggings, these five years," she continued, "and you buttoned them wrong. It ought to be a lesson to you, Mr. Guirkie; it ought to teach you, that you can do nothing right."

"Well," replied Mr. Guirkie, with a little more irritation in the tone of voice, than usual, "I'm not so particular about the buttons, perhaps, as I ought to be, but it's only a small matter after all, make the best of it."

"Small matter, indeed! I would like to know what part of your dress, you're particular about, large or small."

"Hush, Mrs. Motherly, hush I say, or you'll wake the doctor."

"I'll not hush, sir, I can't hush, I'm responsible for you, and I must speak."

"And can't you speak without raising the town," said Mr. Guirkie, slapping his seal skin cap down on his knees, and scratching his grey head in utter perplexity, "can't you speak with some sort of moderation, ma'am?"

"No, I can't, for you won't let me—but no matter, you may go—you may go, sir," she continued, rising from her kneeling posture, and shaking both hands at him, as if she would shake herself clean and clear of him for evermore. "You may go—I'll not be accountable for you any longer—not another hour, sir, and if you come back dead to us, don't blame any one for it but yourself."

Mr. Guirkie, lost not a moment in quitting the house, as soon as Mrs. Motherly withdrew her opposition, but rushed out through the rain, ambling his way, as fast as his legs would carry him to the stable, and mounted Scotchy, already saddled and bridled, for a journey.

Hardly, however, had he got his foot in the stirrup, when Mrs. Motherly, accompanied by Dr. Camberwell, whom she had just waked up, came running out to detain him.

But it was too late; uncle Jerry was already in the saddle, and in the act of gathering up the reins.

"Let him go," he cried, as he saw the doctor approaching under an umbrella, bare-headed, and blear-eyed for want of sleep, "let the horse go you scoundrel, let him go," and giving Scotchy a cut on the flank, off he trotted down the avenue towards Ballyhanan beach, the rain pouring on him in torrents, and the cape of his drab surtout flapping about his ears.

"May the Lord pity you, poor man," exclaimed Mrs. Motherly, gazing after him till he turned the corner, "may the Lord pity you."

"Amen," replied the doctor, closing his umbrella at the door, and retreating backwards into the house, "he's an extraordinary individual."

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## QUERIES.

Is it any body's business,  
If a gentleman should choose  
To wait upon a lady,  
If the lady don't refuse?  
Or, to speak a little plainer,  
That the meaning you all may know,  
Is it any body's business  
If a lady has a beau?

If a person on the walk,  
Whether great or whether small,  
Is it any body's business  
Where that person means to call?  
Or, if you see a person  
As he's calling any where,  
Is it any body's business  
What his business may be there?

The substance of my query,  
Simply stated, would be this,—  
Is it any body's business  
What another's business is?  
If it is, and if it isn't,  
We would really like to know,  
For we are certain if it isn't  
That some people make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,  
And act the noble part  
Of the tattlers and defamers,  
Who throng the public mart;  
But if not, we'll act the teacher  
Until the meddler learns  
It were better in the future  
To mind his (her) own concerns.

## PASTORAL LETTER.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE AND THE BISHOPS AND OTHER  
PRELATES ASSEMBLED IN PROVINCIAL COUNCIL AT BALTIMORE,  
TO THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL OF THEIR CHARGE:

*Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied.*

WITH feelings of deep gratitude to Almighty God for the blessings, both social and religious, which we enjoy, we have assembled with a view, by mutual consultation, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit whom we have earnestly invoked, to provide for the maintenance and advancement of discipline and piety in the dioceses which form our ecclesiastical province. But a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first Provincial Council was held in this city, at which seven prelates were present. The multiplication of Sees, of which there are now forty-one, besides two Apostolic Vicariates, has led to the increase of the number of provinces, of which there are seven: yet the See of Baltimore has now seven suffragans. Two, indeed, of the dioceses are in a widowed state, pestilence having carried away the late Bishop of Savannah, whilst, after the example of St. Charles Borromeo, day and night he ministered religious aid to its victims; and a lingering and severe disease having more recently brought to a close the life of the late Bishop of Charleston, which was marked by untiring activity and great usefulness. Another prelate, not charged with the government of any dioceses, from the responsibility of which his humility shrank, but distinguished for piety and devotedness, gave his life for the faithful of Christ, as a volunteer in the cause of charity, aiding the Bishop of Savannah in affording the consolations of religion to the sick and dying. Shortly after the National Council, which was held three years ago, a prelate who was born in this city, and passed in it the greater part of his life, as a student and professor in the college of St. Mary, which he governed during several years as president, with great success, until he was chosen first Bishop of Natchez, died in the city of Frederick, in this State, when preparing to return to his See. Thus death has thinned our ranks, and given us the important warning, that we also may be soon summoned to render an account of our stewardship to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

Our first solemn act and decree in council has been the acceptance of the definition made by our holy father, Pope Pius IX, in the assembly of cardinals and bishops, in the basilic of St. Peter, on the festival of the conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. At the urgent solicitation of the bishops throughout the world, and of those especially gathered around him on that occasion, from the chair of St. Peter, he declared and defined that the doctrine which holds that the most Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first moment of her conception, by a special grace and privilege of Almighty God, in view of the merits of Christ Jesus the Saviour of mankind, was preserved free from all stain of original sin, has been revealed by Almighty God, and must therefore be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful. It is an undeniable fact that difficulty and doubt perplexed the minds of several learned and devoted men, especially since the twelfth century, in regard to this privilege, which was, nevertheless, strenuously affirmed by others, who were ready to suffer death for its maintenance as a truth of revelation, and was solemnly recognized by the celebration of the festival in several local churches, and at least during the last four centuries in the Apostolic Church of Rome, and throughout the Universal Church. It may embarrass some to understand why it was not defined at an earlier period. The Church, brethren, is not accustomed to define doctrines unless when they are assailed. She received from Christ our Lord, through His Apostles, the entire deposit of revealed truth, which she has preserved in its integrity, regulating her worship accordingly: but each doctrine was successively defined, with greater precision and clearness, when it became necessary to protect it against the subtle devices of innovators. When the great mysteries were assailed, she lost no time

in vain discussions, and used no measures of compromise, but on the authority of ancient faith and tradition, she proscribed the pernicious errors which were broached in opposition to them. Greater forbearance is exercised when undefined points of a secondary character are called in question by those who sincerely believe the settled doctrines of faith, and who err only in reasoning, with no proud or perverse disposition. It does not appear that any of the ancient sectaries denied the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin: on the contrary Pelagius and Julian, his follower, availed themselves of the general persuasion of the faithful, that she was without sin, to oppose the teaching of the Church which St. Augustin triumphantly defended, that all men are born in sin, and fall into actual transgression. Pelagius enumerated many saints whose virtues are recorded in scripture, and closed the list by the Virgin Mary, observing that Christian piety obliges us to acknowledge that the Mother of our Lord and Saviour was without sin. St. Augustin used great circumspection in his reply, lest by an unqualified concession he should afford his adversary an undue advantage, but he did not hesitate to say, that all those holy personages would acknowledge themselves sinners, if they could re-appear on earth and give testimony, excepting the Blessed Virgin Mary. As to her he declined entertaining any question, when sin is spoken of, since the honor of our Lord requires us to hold that she received grace to overcome sin in every respect, being made worthy to conceive and bring forth Him who was altogether sinless.\* Julian pursued the matter farther, and reproached Augustin with dishonoring Mary more than Jovinian had dishonored her, who contended, that, in becoming a mother, she lost her virginal integrity, whilst Augustin, by affirming that all but Christ were born in sin, made Mary herself the bond-slave of Satan. The holy doctor replied, that he did not represent her in this light, since the grace of the new birth prevented such necessity.† Whatever obscurity may appear in this answer, it is manifest that the general persuasion of the exemption of Mary from all stain of sin can alone account for the confidence with which the objection was urged, and the reserve with which it was met by the champion of orthodoxy. Of this ancient, nay primitive tradition, we have satisfactory evidence in the language of the Oriental liturgies, which style her all stainless, highly blessed, more honored than the cherubim and more glorious than the seraphim. The terms applied to her in the sacred scriptures are justly interpreted in their highest acceptation and greatest force, inasmuch as her dignity of Mother of God so requires. She is truly blessed among women, full of grace. He that is mighty hath done great things for her, and holy is His name. Although we acknowledge that Jesus Christ our Lord has crushed the serpent's head, and restored us to the grace from which we fell in Adam, yet we recognize Mary as the woman who is in necessary opposition to the serpent, and who also, according to the ancient version employed by St. Ambrose,‡ and appealed to by St. Bernard, crushed the head of the serpent by giving birth to the Redeemer. "What other woman," says the latter, "think you, did God foretell when He said to the serpent; 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman?' And if you still doubt that He speaks of Mary, listen to what follows: 'She shall crush thy head.' For whom was this victory reserved, but for Mary?"§

There is respectable authority for believing that the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin was distinctly honored in the Eastern churches by a specific festival at a very early period. In the West the festival appears to be of much later institution, and to have originated in the zeal of individuals in various local churches. St. Bernard, who lived in the twelfth century, rebuked the canons of Lyons, in France, for establishing it without the sanction of the Holy See, whose judgment he professed his readiness to follow. He seems to have understood it as regarding the corporal conception, rather than the animation, or creation and infusion of the soul. This did not prevent the celebration spreading to other churches. St. Thomas, of Aquin, did not venture to reprobate it, since it was known to the Holy See, which tolerated it, and he suggested

\* L. de Natura et Gratiæ, c. xxxvi, n. 42.

† L. de fuga sæculi, c. vii.

‡ Op. imp. Contra Julian. l. iv, 122.

§ Hom. Super Missus est, n. 4.

that it might be understood of the sanctification, which he was convinced took place immediately on animation, that is when life was first imparted. "It is reasonably believed," he observes, "that the Blessed Virgin Mary, who brought forth the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, received greater privileges of grace than all others, and was sanctified in the womb."<sup>\*</sup> The primitive tradition of the holiness of the Virgin from the moment of her existence was so strongly impressed on the minds of all, that the whole question turned on this point, whether she was sanctified in the very act of animation, or the moment afterwards. Had any one asserted that Mary was a child of wrath, born in sin, he would have found himself in opposition to the whole body of theologians, and to the general sentiment of the Church. It was indeed admitted by all that the conception of the Blessed Virgin was natural, and consequently of itself liable to the original stain, which created difficulty in asserting her exemption from it, and opened the way to scholastic subtleties and distinctions. It was well known that Christ was the Redeemer of the whole human race, and that Mary, as a natural descendant of Adam, needed redemption: whence a difficulty arose to explain how she was, in fact, redeemed, if she had contracted no stain of sin. Thus the close examination of this subject served for a time to throw some obscurity on the primitive tradition of the sinless perfection of the Mother of our Lord, although it has ultimately resulted in giving to this doctrine that entire clearness and distinction which enabled the chief Bishop to declare and define it authoritatively. The permission of the discussion, and the liberty for a time allowed to support either opinion, without branding the other as heresy, prove indeed, that the revelation of the immaculate conception of the Holy Virgin was not then defined: but the general belief in its existence is fairly gathered from the deep conviction of all that she was immediately sanctified, and from the celebration of the festival, which continued and spread throughout the whole Church. The postponement of the definition during so many ages, since the rise of the controversy is, then, to be accounted for by the fact that the dispute was raised within the Church by persons most devoted to the honor of the Virgin Mother, and most submissive to ecclesiastical authority, and that it was involved in partial obscurity by the difficulty of reconciling the tradition in this respect with other acknowledged dogmas, as also by the approximation of sentiment among the disputants, although with some diversity of language. At all times, the Popes, in all the provisional measures which they adopted, intimated that the matter was reserved for the final judgment of the Holy See, and showed favor to the sentiment which asserted the privilege. That decision has at length been pronounced after the most mature examination, and on the fullest evidence of the persuasion of the bishops, clergy and faithful generally, so that we may in the language of St. Augustin, say, that the cause is now finally decided. St. Bernard thus addressed Pope Innocent II, on an occasion of controversy concerning doctrine: "It is fit that all dangers and scandals that spring up in the kingdom of God, and especially such as regard faith, should be referred to your Apostolical authority. For I deem it just, that the injuries inflicted on faith should be redressed there particularly, where faith cannot suffer loss. This is the prerogative of your See; for, to what other was it ever said: 'I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith may not fail.'"<sup>†</sup>

In defining the revealed doctrines the Pope does not propose his own individual sentiment, but the belief of the Catholic Church, testified by the bishops, and collected from the various monuments and testimonies of Christian antiquity. "The church of Christ," says our holy Father in his decree, "being the faithful guardian and defender of the dogmas deposited with her, changes nothing in them, takes nothing from them, adds nothing to them, but with all industry handling ancient truths faithfully and wisely, whatever may have been indistinct in ancient times, and implied in the faith of the fathers, she studies to refine and polish in such a way that those ancient dogmas of heavenly origin may receive evidence, light, distinctness, whilst at the same time they retain their fullness, integrity, propriety, and that they may grow, only however in their own

<sup>\*</sup> III p. Summe, qu. xxvii, Art. I. Conclusio.

<sup>†</sup> Ep. ad Innoc. II.

kind, namely, in the same dogma, in the same sense, and in the same sentiment." This view of the mode of proceeding observed in ascertaining primitive tradition is presented by the ancient writer St. Vincent, of Lerins, whose very words are borrowed by the Pontiff.\* The recent decision should not then startle or offend those who are wont to appeal to this venerable writer as guarding against innovation by insisting on maintaining the doctrines which were held always, every where and by all. It is manifest, that in the application of this rule he does not require absolute universality and conformity of sentiment, and does not exclude the action and judgment of the Church, to whom it belongs, to ascertain and declare the ancient and general belief of her members. To her the promises of Christ are made, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, so that error can never corrupt her teaching, or superstition defile her worship.

Brethren, the mystery of the Incarnation of our Lord necessarily disposes us to form the most exalted idea of Her who was its chief and honored instrument. She was reverently greeted by an angel of God, and assured of His special favor, and her consent was awaited before the Word was made flesh for our salvation. Who can hesitate to say with the devout woman, whose exclamation to our Saviour is recorded in the Gospel: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts which gave Thee suck?" Who shall not be anxious to fulfil the prophecy uttered by herself: "Behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." No idea which we can form of her holiness can well exceed the eulogies of the ancient liturgies, which pronounce her all stainless, all holy, more than blessed. Her merits are said, by St. Gregory the Great, to exceed those of all the choirs of angels, and to reach to the foot of the very throne of Deity.† The more highly you venerate her, the more practically you will manifest your belief in the Incarnation.

It is vainly imagined by some, that the recognition of the immaculate conception and the other privileges of the Virgin Mother, raises her to the level of her Divine Son, who is holy, pure, undefiled, and separated from sinners. The sanctity and perfection of Jesus Christ necessarily result from the assumption of human nature by the Word of God; whilst she possesses no excellence but by the free gift of God, who bestowed on her grace and gifts to prepare and qualify her for the dignity of Mother of our Redeemer. Elizabeth, although connected with her by the natural tie of kindred, admired her condescension in vouchsafing to visit her: "Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" It is this intimate relation to Christ which entitles her to the highest veneration that a mere creature can receive. There is no danger whatever of confounding her with her Divine Son, whilst she is acknowledged to owe all things to the bounty of God, and to have received all in consideration of the merits of Christ. Those who fancy that she is unduly exalted, betray a low estimate of the mystery of the Incarnation, and seem like the Arians to regard Christ our Lord as a mere creature highly privileged, since otherwise they would have no ground for asserting that Mary is raised to a level with Him. We, on the contrary, who venerate her, are constantly reminded that Her Son is the Incarnate Word, born of the Father before all ages, and consubstantial with Him, God of God, light of light, true God of true God. Hence the devotion to her serves as an outwork and protection to the belief of the mystery of the Incarnation, so that whenever Mary is honored, Christ is adored. On the other hand, the neglect of this devotion disposes men to regard Him in a merely human light, as is proved by the spread of Unitarian and Rationalistic views in countries where she is no longer venerated.

We are naturally reminded by the mention of the Virgin Mother of our Lord, of the chaste spouses of Christ, who are engaged throughout this province in various works of piety and charity. They do not stand in need of our testimony or eulogy: since their good works have secured for them the esteem and respect of our fellow-citizens generally. They truly are the precious portion of the flock, as St. Cyprian designates Christian virgins, and their prayers ascend as grateful incense to their Divine Spouse, whilst their example is reflected in those committed to their care, who come forth from their institutions to adorn society in various walks of life. We exhort them to persevere in their holy purpose, with fervent spirit, serving the Lord, and imitating the stainless purity and entire devotedness of His immaculate Mother. Her modesty, which made her troubled at the unexpected appearance of the angel in human form, and at his address, is pointed out by St. Ambrose as worthy of special imitation, since "it particularly recommends the Mother of our Lord, and abundantly proves her fitness for the dignity for which she was chosen."

Venerable Brethren of the clergy, our joy and our crown, our fellow laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, continue to console us by your piety and zeal, and to preach the

\* Compendiorum.

† L. I. in 1 Reg. c. v.

† De officiis l. I. c. xviii.



word of God in season and out of season. Let it be your study especially to train youth to piety, that they may become useful members of society and of the Church, serving God in holiness and justice all their days. Cultivate and foster the pious dispositions of those especially who desire to devote themselves to the sacred ministry, that a sufficient number of laborers may be provided for the harvest, which is great. Use all diligence and care to reform and correct the morals of the faithful entrusted to your charge, that they may give no occasion for scandal or offence, but that in all things they may show forth by virtuous example the maxims of the gospel. It behooves you to pray for them with great earnestness, in order to secure the divine blessing for your labors, since it is only the grace of God which can convert sinners from the error of their way. Pray then, with humility and fervor, between the porch and the altar, crying from your hearts: "Spare, O Lord, spare thy people." Your own example will be more powerful than the most eloquent language to move them to piety. Avoid all that might give occasion of offence to any one, lest our ministry be blamed. Ask especially, through the intercession of the Mother of our Lord, the great gift of stainless purity of life, that you may worthily offer the lamb without stain.

Beloved Brethren of the laity, we embrace you all with paternal affection, and entreat you to walk circumspectly, for the days are evil. You know what manner of precepts we have given you in the name of the Lord Jesus. For this is the will of God your sanctification. Be peaceable, sober, just and faithful in the performance of all duties towards all mankind. Practice patience, forbearance, charity towards all. In the exercise of your rights as free citizens, remember your responsibility to God, and act as freemen, but not as having liberty as a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God. Respect and obey the constituted authorities, for all power is from God, and they that resist, resist the ordinances of God, and purchase for themselves damnation. To the General and State Governments you owe allegiance in all that regards the civil order: the authorities of the Church challenge your obedience in the things of salvation. We have no need of pressing this distinction which you fully understand, and constantly observe. You know that we have uniformly taught you both publicly and privately, to perform all the duties of good citizens, and that we have never exacted of you, as we ourselves have never made even to the highest ecclesiastical authority, any engagements inconsistent with the duties we owe to the country and its laws. On every opportune occasion we have avowed these principles, and even in our communications to the late Pontiff, we rejected as a calumny the imputation that we were in civil matters subject to his authority. Be not disturbed at the misstatements of our tenets which are daily made, or at the effort to deprive us of our civil rights, and of the confidence and esteem of our fellow citizens. Formidable as is the combination for this purpose, we do not despair that the justice and good sense of the nation will soon discover the groundless character of the suspicions thrown on the fidelity of Catholics, whose religion teaches them to respect and maintain the established order of society, under whatsoever form of government they may be placed. Brethren, let the light of your example shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Pray for the conversion and salvation of all men, for this is the will of God, who desires that all men may be saved, and may come to the knowledge of the truth.

*Given under our hands in Provincial Council at Baltimore, the 13th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1855.*

† FRANCIS PATRICK, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*  
 † RICHARD VINCENT, *Bishop of Wheeling.*  
 † MICHAEL, *Bishop of Pittsburg.*  
 † JOHN, *Bishop of Richmond.*  
 † JOHN NEPOMUCENE, *Bishop of Philadelphia.*  
 † JOSUE, *Bishop of Erie.*  
 JOHN BARRY, *Administrator of Savannah.*  
 P. N. LYNCH, D. D., *Administrator of Charleston.*



## Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE PRIMACY OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE VINDICATED.** By Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore. Fourth revised and enlarged edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

That a work of such a solid and grave character as this, should have required a fourth edition in order to meet the wants of the Catholic public, is an evidence of popularity we hardly expected from this age of frivolous and light reading. It is no less a proof that however superficial a character we bear to a casual observer, there is yet a love for what is really good existing among us, which goes far to redeem its defects, and which will not fail to bring forth its fruits in due season. It would be superfluous in us, considering this, to enter upon a lengthy commendation of the work itself; and we abstain from it the more willingly, because other and abler hands have at other times done it almost ample justice. The differences between this and former editions consist, as we learn from the Author's preface, in the omission of some portions, which only regarded temporary difficulties, now happily removed by the conversion of those who had given utterance to them, and in the greater polish given to other parts, so as to render the work a permanent light to those, who, yet tossed upon the waves of every doctrine, desire however faintly to reach the harbor of truth in the end. Such we know it will prove, if it be used according to the spirit and intention of its illustrious author.

2. **THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.** An Exposition. By the *Rev. Bishop Ullathorne*—with the approbation of the *Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore*. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Among the many testimonials of filial devotion to the Holy See and of tender affection for the ever blessed Virgin Mother of God, which the late definition of the Roman Pontiff has elicited from the learned, this little work of Bishop Ullathorne deservedly holds a prominent position. When we first took it up, we thought we were going to read a calm but cold theological disquisition, in which according to the dispassionate nature of the schools, every argument in favor of the dogma would be nakedly exhibited and every objection that could be proposed would be submitted to the merciless scalpel of the logical anatomist, until reason satisfied with the authority of the one and the utter want of consistency in the other, would give her assent and close the discussion by a decision as cold and formal as all the preliminaries had been. But we soon found how impossible it was for the devout client of Mary to be cold and inanimate when the subject of his writing was of her privileges. We were not then astonished, though we were delightfully surprised to read upon almost every page some of those natural effusions of affection with which the child loves to honor his mother. Read the whole chapter "on the principle of exception from law," a subject which in its very expression conveys the idea of dry argumentation. Yet you will see how the voice of the prophet makes these dry bones to join together in the praise of the Immaculate. "And certainly He who preserved the three children from being touched by the fire in the midst of which they walked uninjured, and who preserved the bush unconsumed in the midst of the burning flame, could preserve Mary untouched from the burning fuel of concupiscence. He who took up Elias in the fiery chariot, so that he tasted not of death, could in the chariot of his ardent love, set Mary on high above the law of sin. He who sent down the dews of heaven upon Gideon's fleece, whilst all besides was dry and parched, could send the dew of his graces upon the immaculate and most pure Virgin, whilst it was dry upon all the world besides. And He who held back the waves of that Jordan, that the ark of the Old Testament might pass untouched and honored through its bed, could hold back the wave of Adam, lest it overflow the ark of the New Testament beneath its defiling floods." Thus he sums up his arguments to prove that God in the exercise of His omnipotent love could exempt Mary from the law of spiritual death. "Fear not: thou shalt not die: this law is not made for thee, but for all others." Or again, when speaking of original sin and its effects, how eloquently does he show that

it should not have been transmitted to the Mother of God. "Grace may remove the sin and blot out the culpability, as day removes the darkness of the night; but as when the night is gone, it leaves its effects behind—the cold, the fogs, the frosts and the keen blasts, so after original sin has departed, there remain debilities, habits, depraved emotions, penalties, and above all, that irreparable loss of original innocence, which, like lost virginity, can never be restored. However atoned for, that dishonor rests on the soul, like the stain on the escutcheon, which no after deeds can succeed in erasing. And what is that stain, but that the supernatural image of God had been blotted out, but that the soul had been beforetimes disinherited of life, but that she had been hated of God, but that in the language of scripture, she had been 'a vessel of contumely,' and of the 'mass of corruption.' And if our faith will not allow that the Blessed Mary ever contracted actual sin, though but venial, though but the dust, which touches the beauty of the soul without wounding deeply, still less destroying its charity; if, as St. Thomas says: 'She would not have been a suitable Mother of God, if she had sinned at any time, because, as in Proverbs it is written, the glory of children are their parents, consequently the ignominy of the mother is reflected on the son:' if then neither our faith nor our piety will allow that those moles and specks of sin fell ever on the face of Mary, how can we suppose that she had been entirely covered and penetrated with sin of another kind, as with a pestilential leprosy?" We wish our space would allow us to give some extracts from the conclusion, in which the Ven. Bishop has allowed his heart to speak more freely; but our readers have no doubt already enjoyed its sweetness, and we must trespass no longer. The book is small indeed, but contains most precious jewels of thought, sweetly enchased in appropriate language. One only thing we had hoped for, but were not gratified. We had expected that he, to whom the legend of his life reports that the Saviour of the world addressed these comforting words: "thou hast written well of me, Thomas:" the angel of the schools, whose profound knowledge seemed to his contemporaries to equal him to the cherubim in all that relates to divine science, would have been proved to have deserved as well of the Mother as he had of the Son. It is true, our faith does not depend upon the teaching of St. Thomas of Aquin, however learned and holy, but upon the Church alone, which is "the pillar and the ground of truth," but it would have been so consoling to have found him with us in this as in others, that we cannot but regret that the venerable Bishop's purpose did not lead him to a more thorough vindication of the innocence of the great light of the middle ages. He has however said enough to show us how willingly the saint would have bowed to the decision of the Apostolic See, the centre of unity, had it been deemed proper, by Him who is to teach her all truth, that this dogma should then have been published. We must therefore be satisfied and express our joyful thanks to the Rt. Rev. Author for the pleasure we have experienced in reading his work.

3. **BLIND AGNESE, OR THE LITTLE SPOUSE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.** By *Cecilia Caddell*. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother.

We have read this little volume with much pleasure. It belongs to that class of literature so much needed in this country—*literature for the young*. From the touching and interesting details of the poverty and affliction of Little Agnese, the tender hearts of children will melt in sympathy, while from her example they will learn the sweet lesson of devotion to the ever adorable Sacrament of the altar. Parents should procure this book for their children. It may and will produce fruit a hundred fold.

4. **THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.** Charleston: C. Mortimer.

The April number of this able Review is upon our table. It contains as usual much valuable information, and will amply repay perusal. Among the many excellent articles it contains, the one entitled the "Chief Justices of the Supreme Court," is especially deserving of notice. In it the author pays a merited tribute to the eminent abilities and moral worth of our own venerable Chief Justice Taney. The Review is worthy of the reputation it has attained—being one of the ablest quarterlies in the country.

5. **THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.** Baltimore: Alexander W. McLeod.

We acknowledge the receipt of the May number of this work, the first we have seen, and after a careful perusal, we freely accord to it the praise of being a periodical of high literary merit and of being conducted upon high toned and honorable principles. Though professedly the exponent of the doctrines of a particular denomination, yet unlike so many other works of the kind, it is free from every word or allusion that could, in the remotest degree, wound the religious feelings of the professors of any creed. No dark insinuations or ungentlemanly epithets defile its pages. In this respect we are especially pleased with the work, and would earnestly recommend it as a model to some of our contemporaries, who seem to regard it as a part of their *editorial*, if not their Christian duty, to vilify and misrepresent their neighbors.

6. **THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES AND THE MEANS FOR OBTAINING THEM.** By *S. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori*: newly translated from the Italian and edited by *Robert A. Coffin, C. SS. R.* New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother.

The little works, which form the staple of this book, are already well known in this country and have been appreciated, as they merit, by all pious Catholics. We have looked with some little care to see, if F. Coffin has avoided the blemishes, which a former publication had overlooked, and are rejoiced to find this collection *read so English*. How gratifying must it be to the Saint, from whose zealous spirit they sprung, to see that even though removed from the earth, he yet preaches in these works and continually realizes that the word of his God is not void among men! This is the true "Library of Translations," a library, every work of which we can safely recommend, for no greater happiness can the soul desire than the possession of "the Christian Virtues and the means for obtaining them." We are not surprised then that the two primates of Ireland, learned and holy men themselves, should consider it "an immense advantage," "which should rejoice the heart of every one, who is anxious for the progress of piety in the world." The scrupulous care with which F. Coffin performs his part commends itself on every page.

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## Editors' Table.

**THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.**—We are gratified at being able to chronicle a salutary reaction of the public mind, from the absurd and pernicious excitement which prevailed, a short time since, in regard to our national relations with Spain.

Until the reign of the Peace Societies shall have been established among men—which we hardly look for, in our day and generation—we presume that cases will from time to time arise, in which the fearful alternative of war may with difficulty be avoided. Such cases, however, must grow fewer and fewer, as the civilizing influences of Christianity shall spread themselves and governments shall become more and more subservient to their legitimate object—the happiness and prosperity of the governed. In a republic like ours, with the very principles of whose political existence wars of ambition and aggression are essentially in conflict, the occasions of necessary strife would at worst be rare, even if our position were subordinate among the nations of the earth. But, with our preponderating power and increasing population and resources, we are removed farther and farther, day by day, from the chances of encroachment on the part of other countries, so that war may almost be said to have been stricken already from the catalogue of evils which we have really to dread.

As to war with Spain, in particular, we do not hesitate to say, that so far as causes of strife have come to the public knowledge, the very suggestion of its necessity or propriety seems to us to be nothing short of the merest and baldest iniquity—iniquity, not merely as it regards Spain—the contemplated usurpation of her territory and slaughter of her people—but iniquity in reference to ourselves, our prosperity, our national decency—the lives of our citizens. There is not a candid man, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, who does not know, in his own heart, that neither our government nor our people has any thing to apprehend, or does in fact apprehend any thing, from hostile designs on the part of Spain. The whole pretence to the contrary is, we all well know, a simple, unadulterated fiction. Our power and the weakness of Spain—our proximity to her most valuable possession—our greedy anxiety to wrest it from her and to find a plausible pretext for doing so—are so palpably before her eyes, that we must assume utter madness on the part of her rulers, before we can imagine that they desire to offend or provoke us. The supposition that she is emboldened to do what she otherwise would not do, by a secret alliance with Great Britain and France, is too shallow and idle to deserve comment. We can imagine circumstances under which those nations might find it politic to unite, for the purpose of preventing us from seizing Cuba—but

the idea that they could combine to encourage Spain in offering us gratuitous insult, is simply preposterous. Equally so is the notion, promulgated in certain quarters, that the Spanish government contemplates converting Cuba into a second St. Domingo, by an emancipation of the slaves. If this were true, it would be hard to conceive why Spain should be exhausting her already insufficient revenue, year after year, in the support of fleets and armies to protect and keep the island. Why cherish life in so expensive a way, if she has resolved to commit suicide? The slightest familiarity with Peninsular politics is sufficient to teach any one, that emancipation, in Cuba, was never dreamed of by the government, except as a last, desperate, self-annihilating stroke, in the event of a successful irruption of our people.

Truth requires us to confess, what no well informed man can be ignorant of—that all these suggestions of causes for war are empty excuses and pretexts for indulging our desire to possess the property of our neighbor. They are palpable attempts to manufacture public opinion, and to pave the way for the triumph of a freebooting spirit over our national honor, the obligation of treaties and the duties of common honesty. Until capital was sought to be made for politicians and money for needy adventurers, by proclaiming the necessity of "annexing" Cuba, the dangers of that island's proximity were never known to the most timid of our statesmen. No one ever heard of the "outrage" business, until filibusterism became popular and it was important to render Spain unpopular. We never required that the Captain-general of Cuba should have power to settle quarrels, until we had established it as a principle to pick them. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico were never called "our waters," until we had determined to claim whatever might be in them. We had studied geography full fifty years as a nation, before we dreamed of deriving title to foreign territory on the ground of "geographical necessity." That, with the knowledge of these things before them, our government or people should be seduced or goaded into the shedding of human blood, in a bad cause—upon the faith of assumptions which are so false that they will not stand the test of a moment's honest challenge—would be foul shame. It is therefore with feelings of profound gratitude to Providence that we have witnessed the return of the public mind to a sense of truth and justice. We sincerely trust that no new aberrations may place our national good name and the blessings of peace again in jeopardy.

It is very possible that the authorities of Cuba, in the excitement of necessary vigilance, may have gone, in some cases, beyond the letter of their strict rights. We do not know that they have done so, but it may well be. Men cannot be calm when murder and rapine are at their doors. If the Spanish officers have transgressed under such circumstances, the proper amends will of course be made, if they have not been made already. But before treating such natural occurrences as ground of quarrel and bloodshed, we should first place ourselves in the right, by removing the primary cause of danger—by putting an end to filibusterism, or at all events ceasing to encourage it. If our laws and customs do not enable us to do this, we should view the consequences with some forbearance. Above all, we should inquire what our own conduct would be, in like case. If one American citizen is to be found, who, under similar circumstances, would require our national vessels to be casuistically scrupulous, in their mode of guarding our shores from piratical invasion—we are prepared to acknowledge ourselves in the wrong, and surrender the argument.

**GREAT MEN AND LITTLE MEN.**—We are unhappily called upon, every day, to notice the gradual lowering of the standard, intellectual and moral, by which the fitness of men is tested for official dignity and station. It seems as if, among our public servants, the race—not of the giants, for that has long since passed away—but even of the respectable mediocrities—has become almost extinct. It is a sad reflection, but it cannot well be otherwise, so long as men are chosen for office not because of their ability or their integrity—their services or their capacity to serve—but because of their religious bigotry, their political fanaticism, or their opinions touching the philosophy of grog-shops. In the nature of things, it is only the lower class of politicians and adventurers who will degrade themselves to the level of such tests—if in fact, for such people, there

be any level lower than their own. But we have no room to generalize. The following extracts will illustrate our meaning, as well as a volume of disquisitions. The first is a quotation from the message of the governor of Connecticut—the promised land of nutmegs and notions. After laying down a general scheme of moral and political regeneration, by giving the right of suffrage to negroes, preventing the drinking of whiskey and keeping up the abolition excitement, his Excellency enters at large into the evil of immigration and the naturalization of foreigners—especially “the blind followers of ecclesiastical despotism.” By a natural process he passes from this point to the “anti Popery” platform, upon which he delivers himself, as follows:

“But as a matter of policy connected with the privilege of citizenship conferred upon an alien, we have a right to inquire how far the allegiance due from members of the Romish Church is compatible with the allegiance due their adopted country. If we find that combinations for political action exist, composed of members of a Church throwing her entire vote one way or the other, as the wishes, feelings or interests of those controlling it may dictate, and further, if we find these combinations to be but instruments in the hands of demagogues, then a strong reason is formed why longer residence should be required before the alien can be naturalized.”

We invoke the admiration of our readers for the logic of his Excellency’s recommendations and the process by which he gets at them. If the allegiance of “members of the Romish Church” be incompatible with “the allegiance due their adopted country,” it is quite clear that they ought not to be naturalized at all, and it is hard to see how “longer residence” is going to mend the matter, unless the “Know Nothing” naturalization laws should provide for the establishment of a board of missionaries connected with the Custom House, whose duty it should be to convert the foreigners in question, *pari passu*, to orthodox views of the catechism and the constitution. One thing however is manifest—if “longer residence” in the country suffices to make an alien Catholic trustworthy in his allegiance, these of us who have had the good luck never to have resided any where else, may have the consolation of knowing that we have possibly outgrown or out-resided our original and congenital proclivity to treason! This is no small satisfaction, as things now go.

But his Excellency “stops the way.” The other extract to which we refer bears the signature of one who was never a governor, we believe, and who, happily for his patriotism and his sense of his country’s dignity, was called to his account before governors had become altogether what they are. We leave our readers to judge from a comparison, how far apart great men and little men are.

“It seems to be the American destiny, the mission which has been intrusted to us here on this shore of the Atlantic, the great conception and the great duty to which we are born, to show that all sects, and all denominations, professing reverence for the authority of the author of our being and belief in his revelations, may be safely tolerated without prejudice either to our religion or our liberties.

“We are Protestants, generally speaking; but you all know that there presides at the head of the Supreme Judicature of the United States, a Roman Catholic; and no man, I suppose, through the whole United States, imagines that the judicature is less safe; that the administration of public justice is less respectable or less secure, because the Chief Justice of the United States has been, and is a firm adherent of that religion. And so it is in every department of society among us.

“In both houses of Congress, in all public offices, we proceed on the idea that a man’s religious belief is a matter above human law; that it is a question to be settled between him and his Maker, because he is responsible to none but his Maker for adopting or rejecting revealed truth.

“And here is the great distinction which is sometimes overlooked, and which I am afraid is now too often overlooked, in New England, the glorious inheritance of the sons of Pilgrims.

“Men, for their religious sentiments, are accountable to God, and God only.

“DANIEL WEBSTER.”

**ANTI-POPEY LITERATURE.**—There is an old saying, that when a certain sort of people disagree, honest folks are likely to come by their own. The Circuit Court of the United States in New York, has recently contributed an item, in verification of this respectable proverb. Our readers have no doubt seen, of late, the announcement of a

work in press, with the terrific title of "*My Book, or the Veil Uplifted; A Tale of Popish Intrigue and Policy, by Josephine M. Bunkley, late novice at St. Joseph's, Maryland, including a narrative of her residence at and escape from that Institution.*"

It appears that the interesting young person whose millinery is to be handled for the public edification, has fallen into the hands of the Philistines. She has filed a bill for an injunction to prohibit the publication of the awful narrative referred to, insisting that the persons who promise to uplift her veil have no right whatever to meddle with the same, not having paid her for the privilege of doing so, but having fraudulently got possession of the said veil, with all the copy-right horrors and terrors behind it.

Messrs. Davenport, De Witt & Tisdale, of New York, and a certain Mr. Beale, an editor of Norfolk, are the parties charged with this nefarious conspiracy against the "novice," and the affidavits which they have filed in their defence, disclose a state of facts, which must be eminently refreshing to the "anti-popery" faithful, as well as illustrative of the celestial motives which animate their holy cause. We quote from the published reports in the New York papers.

"Mr. De Witt states that on the 15th of January last, he received proposals from Charles H. Beale, of Norfolk, Va., editor of the Daily News, to publish a work which he was preparing, said to be a tale of Roman Catholic intrigue and superstition, having a political bearing, and favoring the 'Know-Nothing' movement, which was to embrace the experience of Miss Bunkley while at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, Md. Wm. S. Tisdale, a literary man of New York, having occasional business connections with De Witt & Davenport, wrote to Miss Bunkley with reference to a book of her experience in the convent, which she showed to Beale, between whom and De Witt & Davenport a long correspondence followed. In March, Beale made some definite proposal to De Witt & Davenport to publish the work, which they accepted, as follows: they agreed to pay all costs of publication, and give Beale fifteen per cent. of the sales, or fifteen cents a copy, as it was to be a dollar book, which would amount to more than half the profits. The book was written by a lady of Virginia, employed by Beale, who asked the complainant for an account of her experience to add to it, which she gave, with authority to use his discretion in publishing it. The deponent had seen Miss Bunkley's MSS. They would not make more than twenty pages out of three hundred and forty-four which the work would contain, and were full of grammatical errors, and unfit for publication, wherefore they were re-written by Beale. It was agreed between them that she should have one-half the per cent. of the copyright. Beale sent the MSS. to deponent, with Miss Bunkley's knowledge and consent, and she knew that the contract had been made."

The "lady of Virginia" appears to have been a certain Miss Mary J. Upshur, who, in her affidavit, sets forth "that on or about the 10th of December, 1854, at the request of Mr. Charles H. Beale, who informed her that he was engaged in writing a book in which would be introduced the statement of Miss Bunkley's exposure at the institution of St. Joseph, near Emmitsburg, Maryland, she consented to assist him in writing and composing the same. She (Miss Upshur) did compose and now avows herself the sole author of so much of the book entitled, '*My Book, or the Veil Uplifted,*' as is comprised between the first paragraph on the seventy-fifth page," &c. Mr. John T. Francis, however, "Clerk of the District Court of Virginia, at Norfolk," is not willing that Miss Upshur should bear the palm of such labors alone, for he files his affidavit, in which he declares, "that the whole of the book proper, or that part distinct from Miss Bunkley's statement, was composed and written by Miss Mary J. Upshur and himself, and that they are the sole authors thereof. With respect to the statement of Miss Bunkley, it is impossible to particularize what portions are original."

Other facts, not contained in the fair novice's manuscript, and "among which is an incident described in the ninth chapter, wherein a priest kisses her, Miss Bunkley," came, Mr. Francis swears, to himself and a Mr. Dunbar, directly from the lips of the lady. These, we presume, from the specimen, constitute the book improper, and their character was such that it was obviously more delicate they should be told than written, and more natural that they should be communicated to the male than the female adjuncts of Miss Bunkley.

But the "veil" of Miss B. is not alone in being the prey of evil men. She herself appears to have fallen into the clutches of a certain "Dr. Andrews, of Perth Amboy, N. J.," of whom the paternal Bunkley gives the following description:



"Mr. Bunkley said he had never known Dr. Andrews until he visited Norfolk last winter; that after his daughter's escape from the convent, Dr. Andrews had corresponded with her upon that subject; that when Dr. Andrews was at Norfolk, he entered his name as 'Jones' at the hotel there, and gave as a reason that he was employed on a secret mission, as a secret agent of the United States Post Office Department; he said he 'believed Dr. Andrews was a Jesuit or a d—d scoundrel.' \* \* \* \* \* He (Bunkley) was quite excited, and said he must go and see the Hon. Erastus Brooks"—a very ungrateful return, we must say, to the Honorable Erastus, for his labors in the good cause, that the very mention of a Jesuit or a scoundrel should remind Mr. Bunkley of him so instantaneously!

But we have not room for a full report of the proceedings. As to the pecuniary results of the enterprise, Mr. Dunbar makes oath that "it was understood at the time that Mr. Beale was to have control of the publication of the work, and that Miss Bunkley should receive one-fourth of the net profits arising therefrom. . . . . A Mr. Brickhouse was to advance the necessary funds for the publication, for which he was to receive one-fourth, and Mr. Beale one-half of the net profits accruing from the sale of the book." Mr. Dusenberry, the solicitor of Miss Bunkley, wound up the evidence with an affidavit from her "to the effect that she had furnished two hundred pages of the book, and had submitted them to Beale at his solicitation; and that she never gave him any authority to publish the work; that she had seen a copy of the work now restrained, and had marked the pages which she had written, word for word, and also the passages which had been introduced."

The Court, in its decision, sustained the injunction temporarily, but refused to make it perpetual. We have not seen the grounds of the determination, but presume that the result will be a compromise, unless it be now too late for the work to have its contemplated influence upon the Virginia election.

Upon these developments—elicited only by a quarrel of the conspirators over the anticipated wages of their sin, we have hardly a word to say. If the facts do not tell their own story, there is no story to be told. It is established by the oaths of the parties themselves, that the work purporting to be by Miss Bunkley and intended to be imposed on the public as hers, is not hers, even upon the showing of her own affidavit made for the purpose of claiming as much of it as she could swear to. It is shown, unless there be perjury, that she lent herself—or rather sold herself, for money—to a scheme of fraud upon the community; that she was unable to write twenty pages, in grammatical English, out of a high-flown narrative of three hundred and forty-four, which she was willing should be sold as her own: that her statement was never even asked for to form a book of itself, but only to be "embraced," or "introduced in," or "to add to" a book of fiction, composed by other people and as purely imaginative as "Gulliver's Travels" or "Sinbad the Sailor." It is made perfectly clear, that besides being intended as a source of profit—a disingenuous contrivance for getting the money of other people—the work, of which Miss Bunkley was to claim maternity, was gotten up to have "a political bearing," and to "favor the Know-Nothing movement," by a concerted slander of "Roman Catholic intrigue and superstition," put forth in the name of a person whose previous connection with a religious institution might give it the appearance of truth.

If, after such a disclosure of motives and practices, made under the most solemn judicial sanction, any portion of the Protestant community will continue to read and to believe such books, and to denounce and hunt down Catholics upon the faith of them, we trust that they will, at all events, forego the mockery of excuses, and admit that they persecute for persecution's sake. If that can, by possibility, be a good cause, which knowingly and willingly adopts such means and such agents, the distinction between falsehood and truth is at an end, and public virtue is identical with private shame.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have seen a report of Judge Nelson's opinion. He refuses to hear the defence that Miss Bunkley is not the author of the book, in the face of the assertion, by the same parties, on the title-page, that she is. So the conspirators are caught in their own trap! The Judge further treats the defence of a license from Miss Bunkley to publish, as not made out by the proof. On this point, he relies on the testimony of her father. Neither Dr. Andrews nor the Hon. Mr. Brooks is alluded to in the opinion.



# Record of Events.

From April 20, to May 20, 1855.

## I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—Owing to want of space, we are obliged to omit the greater part of an interesting letter from our correspondent at Rome. The following extract, however, will be read with interest:

Rome, March 24th, 1855.

It had been the desire of Pius IX that a memorial should be erected at his private expense to commemorate the celebrated definition: for this object an antique column was transported from a central part of the city where it had long lain in obscurity, to the piazza di Spagna, and a commission was given to Obici, a distinguished sculptor, for a statue of Mary, of colossal size, to be cast in bronze, and placed at the summit. No sooner was the intention of his Holiness made known, than offerings came in profusely from ecclesiastical and other bodies, among the latest of which on record was that of one hundred and seventy dollars from the United States; and it is announced that the total thus raised amounts to \$12,720. The cities of Ancona and Civita Vecchia have lately been restored to the privileges of free ports, which had been in a great degree withdrawn from them in 1851, under the administration of the now retired minister of finance, Galli, to whom has succeeded Monsignor Ferrari, (an ecclesiastic enjoying far more public confidence than his lay predecessor). Great rejoicings were held at both towns, and addresses of thanks voted to the Pontiff, presented by magisterial deputations, for this benefit to their commercial relations, and as a token of gratitude, two several offerings of five hundred and one hundred and fifty dollars for the expenses of the memorial to the Immaculate Conception were received from the chamber of commerce and municipality of Civita Vecchia.

Various reports have gone abroad respecting the procedure of the government of Naples towards the Jesuits, and the conduct of those learned fathers at that city as well as in Rome. It is true that their admirable periodical, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, has been prohibited in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and consequently a diminution of about 4,000 suffered in its circulation. No particular article or expression was inculcated by the Neapolitan objectors, but occasion for offence was found in a memoir printed for circulation, *quasi* private, drawn up by the chief editor, Father Curci, in October last, in which report had been given of the progress and success, also of the objects and principles, from the outset, kept in view in the conduct of the *Civiltà*. There was also stated the real motive for the transfer of this publication from Naples to Rome, about six months after its first appearance in April, 1850. On the restoration of preventive censorship of the press, for a time suspended by the Neapolitan Constitution of '48, (now virtually but not legally abolished) the *Civiltà*, together with all other journals and magazines below certain dimensions, became subjected to inspection by the director of police, obviously an unqualified person for the censorship of articles so frequently treating the elevated questions of metaphysics and theology. The editors naturally felt that the credit and efficacy of their periodical in other countries was concerned. They had already succeeded in removing some prejudices instilled into the mind of the king by despotically inclined counsellors, and now made every effort to secure a transfer of their pages from the office of police to the presidentship of public instruction, at the head of which was a prelate charged with the task of censoring all publications above the dimensions of journalism, and who himself acknowledged the justness of their appeal. But

all in vain—and a final reference to the chief minister of the king was repulsed with such asperity that the fathers at once resolved to transfer their publication, with its press, library, and whole *personnel*, to Rome. It is the announcing of these facts that has constituted a crime in the eyes of the counsellors of Ferdinand II, and the report is, that isolated fragments of the memoir have been laid before him, whilst the most hostile vituperation to his government has been insinuated.

Besides the above mentioned particulars, this memoir gives many details evincing the personal interest taken in the *Civiltà* by the Sovereign Pontiff—the fact, that since the transfer to Rome, he has been accustomed to receive two of the editors every fifteen days in private audiences, accepting from them the last number published, and suggesting the arguments to be treated or polemics to be engaged in; also, sometimes admonishing them with paternal benignity when any thing advanced in their pages has been deemed unsuitable to the great objects proposed.

H. J. C.

*Accident to the Holy Father.*—On the 12th ult., the Holy Father accompanied by several persons of distinction, visited a catacomb recently discovered near Rome, containing many interesting Christian monuments. On his return he dined at the Convent of St. Agnes without the walls. After dinner the pupils of the College of the Propaganda asked the favor of being admitted to his presence, to which his Holiness consented with his usual kindness. Shortly after the reception of the pupils, the floor of the large hall in which they were assembled, suddenly gave way and precipitated the whole company into the department beneath, a distance of about twenty-two feet. When the Holy Father perceived the floor descending he exclaimed: "Virgine Immacula, ajutatui!"—Virgin Immaculate, come to our aid.—His prayer was heard. Mary, indeed, in that moment of danger interposed in favor of her devoted children, and raised her eyes to her beloved Son in their behalf. By a special interposition of heaven, his Holiness received not the slightest hurt or injury whatever. The chair on which he was seated descended gradually until it reached the flooring below, where it was overturned. Out of one hundred and twenty persons who were precipitated by the fall, not a single one was seriously injured. His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli and Cardinal Patrizzi and several of the students received slight contusions, but they were all able to leave the convent the same evening except four, who were obliged to remain until the following morning. As soon as all were extricated from the ruins, the Holy Father accompanied by those who, with himself had made so miraculous an escape, repaired to the church and intoned the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessing of their preservation; at the same time the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, was given by Mons. Tizzuni, and a triduum was ordered in all the parish churches in grateful acknowledgment to heaven for the manifest protection of the head of the Church.

*Consecration of Bishops at Rome.*—On Sunday, the 25th of March, in the church of St. Augustine, Rome, the Most Rev. Father Joseph Palermo, general of the Augustinians, and sacristan to his Holiness, was consecrated Archbishop by his Eminence Cardinal Patrizzi, assisted by the Bishops of Tconio and Thebes. His Eminence conferred at the same time episcopal consecration upon the bishops-elect of Gubbio, Monopoli, and Guastalla.

*SARDINIA.*—A detachment of troops had sailed for the East. Previously to their departure colors were presented to the troops and the King addressed them on the occasion. The bill for the suppression of the religious communities is still under discussion in the senate; no definite action has yet been taken on it. It is said that appearances are unfavorable to its passage; that the government will accept five hundred thousand francs, which the bishops offer to raise on the revenues of their sees, and abandon the bill.

*SPAIN.*—The Cortes still persist in the work of sacrilege and spoliation: the most important articles of the bill relative to the sale of the church property have been adopted. The venerable Bishop of Osma, who has already suffered much on account of firm opposition to the encroachments of the government on the rights of the Church was lately summoned to Madrid. The ministry were desirous of conciliating this eminent prelate, and of gaining his influence. No sooner was his arrival made known in Madrid,

than the faithful of all classes and conditions, flocked to his residence to present him their respects. After some delay he had an interview with M. Aguirre, minister of the Crown, which did not give satisfaction to the latter, and the prelate was sent to Cadiz to await the orders of the government. Remonstrances against the sale of the church property have been made by all the bishops and other influential persons.

FRANCE.—The Paschal Communion of men, celebrated at Notre Dame, Paris, was as usual, imposing and interesting. The communion, which was administered by the Archbishop of Paris, and the Rev. Father Felix, lasted nearly an hour and a half. An eye-witness to the scene alludes to it in these words:

"I shall not undertake to describe the majesty of a spectacle of which we have so often spoken. Children, old and young men, poor and rich, soldiers and generals, artisans and capitalists, functionaries of high rank and obscure citizens—all ranks and conditions were mingled together in the only equality and fraternity which is possible. Paris is probably the only city in the world whose cathedral presents this holy contrast and perfect harmony. Antagonists, adversaries, are all there confessing that there is only one God, one Faith, one Bread of Life."

Apart from religion, however, the great topic of the day in Paris is the late visit of the Emperor and Empress to the Queen of England. The Emperor previously to his departure received the Deputies at the Tuileries and informed them of his intended visit in the following short address:

*Messieurs les Deputés.*—I wished to bid you adieu before leaving, and to thank you for the support which you have given me on all the important laws which I have presented to you during the session. My absence will be of short duration. I believe I shall express your sentiments by assuring the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, that you appreciate, as I do, all the advantages of the alliance with England. We all desire peace; but on honorable conditions only. If we are to continue the war, I count upon your loyal support. [Cries of "Yes!" "Yes!"]

Their Majesties met with an enthusiastic reception from Victoria and the people of England, and returned to Paris after a week's absence. It was currently believed that the Emperor would proceed to the Crimea at an early day, latest arrivals however, seem to contradict this statement. Admiral Hamelin has been appointed Minister of Marine and of the Colonies, in place of M. Ducos, deceased.

A daring attempt was made upon the Emperor's life, by an Italian, named Pianozi, who fired several shots at his majesty as he rode on horse back along the Avenue des Champs Elisées. The attempt was a failure and the assassin was arrested.

The *Univers* announces the death of Mgr. Croizier, Bishop of Rodez, which took place on the 22d ult., at a moment when his diocese was indulging hopes of his recovery from a long and painful malady. Mgr. Croizier was born in 1787, and was, therefore, in his 68th year. He succeeded Mgr. Giraud, who was translated to the metropolitan see of Cambray.

The magistracy and all workers of charity and religion have also experienced a loss in the death of the distinguished M. Gossin. He was long an advocate at the Court of Paris. Ever since this upright and learned magistrate gave up his charge, from which he was virtually dismissed by his refusal to accept the oath of 1830, he had divided his time between his labors as a chamber counsel, in which capacity his long legal experience caused him to be continually consulted in the most important cases, and the many works of charity to which he had devoted himself with unbounded zeal and activity. It was he, who together with M. A. Javon, founded the work of St. Francis Regis for the civil and religious marriage of the poor. The good which has been and is continually produced by this admirable Society is incalculable. M. Gossin was also for many years President General of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and his paternal care contributed greatly to the development of those labors so full of blessing and devotion.

A deplorable accident happened in the church of St. Matthew, at Montpellier. The sepulchre which had been erected for the ceremonial of Holy Week caught fire and was totally consumed, with all the ornaments of the chapel. One of the clergy, by great exertion, succeeded in rescuing the consecrated particles reserved in the tabernacle.

ENGLAND.—The great event of the day has been the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to her Britannic Majesty. Their reception, which is described as being enthusiastic in the extreme, and their doings there, may be thus summed up:

Their Majesties were met at Dover by Prince Albert, where they were enthusiastically welcomed. Proceeding to London by railway, they were transferred at the station to the Queen's carriages, and passed through the streets of the metropolis, a distance of five miles, to the railway for Windsor. The scene is represented as one of most extraordinary excitement. Probably, two millions of people had turned out to greet them. At Windsor, the egress from the station was imposingly fronted by the "Welcome to Windsor" inscribed amid a thick mass of laurels; and as they proceeded they were greeted with the applause of the people, amid the deafening shouts of "Welcome," "Napoleon," &c. In the evening, the illuminations were a source of great attraction. The town-hall, with lamps twined about the columns, and the two arches, which blazed with brilliancy, were dazzling objects, and could not easily be exceeded. Their Majesties were received in the grand hall of Windsor Castle, by the Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Leingen, attended by the great officers of State and the household. Her Majesty gave a dinner in the evening in St. George's Hall. The company included the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Leingen, and a numerous and brilliant circle. Next day their Majesties walked in the grounds, and visited Queen Victoria's model farm and dairy. At three o'clock the Emperor received addresses from the corporation of Windsor, the merchants and bankers of London, and others; four o'clock till six, put three regiments of English troops through their evolutions. Then the Queen gave another grand dinner, and, later in the night, an evening party. Wednesday, the 18th, the Queen conferred on the Emperor the investiture of the Garter. The Grand Chapter of the Order was held at Windsor, and the formalities which accompany the presentation of the piece of ribbon were duly gone through. The Queen buckled the garter around the Emperor's leg and placed the ribbon across his shoulder. A grand dinner and evening party and concert concluded the evening. On Thursday, the Emperor and Empress, escorted by a detachment of the Queen's life guards, went to London to receive the address of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, who entertained them at a magnificent *dejeuner*. In the evening Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, Napoleon and Eugenie, visited the Italian Opera. London, west of Temple Bar, was illuminated. On Friday, the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Queen and Prince Albert, visited the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where 20,000 persons were assembled to receive them. In the evening, the Queen gave a supper and concert, at which the American Minister was present. On Saturday, their Majesties returned home.

The committee of inquiry into the conduct of the war still continued to prosecute its labors. The evidence of the heads of the medical and commissariat departments was taken, which goes to show that every thing in the Crimea was as well managed as it possibly could be.—Cardinal Wiseman had obtained a new trial in the vexatious suit brought against him by Boyle, with every probability of having the judgment reversed. A subscription had been commenced to defray the expenses incurred by his Eminence in the trial. It is stated that the cardinal is to be transferred to Rome.

IRELAND.—The Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, published a pastoral to the clergy and laity of his diocese announcing a triduum in thanksgiving to God and in honor of the Blessed Virgin, to be held during the month of May.—A petition in favor of the repeal of the sentence passed against Smith O'Brien, and by which he is excluded from Ireland, is said to be in circulation.—The Tenant Right movement still progresses.—The fairs were well supplied and largely attended.—Richard Deasy, Esq., was elected to parliament from the county of Cork.—Ejectments still take place in some parts of the country, bringing much distress on the unfortunate tenants.—The King of Prussia has presented to the library of Trinity College, Dublin, the splendid architectural works:—*Denkmaler aue Aegypten und Aethiopen*, by Professor Lepsius, with beautiful plates;

seven vols., large folio. *Alt Christliche Baudenmale von Constantinople vom V. bis XII., Jahrhundert*, by Prof. Salzenberg; 2 vols. folio.

**SCOTLAND.**—The vast increase of Catholicity in this country is truly gratifying; but our limits in the present number will not permit us to enter into details: we will do so on some future occasion.—During the last month the notorious fanatic, Orr, the tin-horn preacher, whose inflammatory harangues against Catholics led to so much excitement in this country, was tried and convicted at Greenock, for a breach of the peace. This caused much excitement among his admirers, and led to an unprovoked attack upon the Catholic church of the town. The windows of the sacred edifice were smashed with stones and sticks, without, however, doing any other serious damage.

**AUSTRIA.**—The Vienna Conference broke up without coming to any definite understanding, and the envoys were about to return to their respective governments.—The attitude of Austria since this event is still exceedingly warlike, but her sincerity to the allies seems to be doubted in some quarters, though we think without foundation.

**THE CRIMEA.**—This portion of the Russian empire still continues to be the scene of bloody conflicts. The bombardment on an extensive scale has been carried on against the fortifications of Sebastopol without producing any definite result. Both the allies and Russia are concentrating immense reinforcements in the seat of war.

## II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

#### 1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

**Meeting of the Council.**—The Provincial Council of Baltimore assembled at the Cathedral in this city on the 6th inst. The Council was composed of the following Prelates: viz. the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, of Wheeling; Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Pittsburg; Rt. Rev. Dr. McGill, Richmond; Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. Dr. Young, Erie; Very Rev. John Barry, administrator of Savannah; Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, administrator of Charleston. At 11 o'clock the procession proceeded to the Cathedral, from the residence of the Archbishop, where pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop, attended by the Very Rev. F. L'Homme, assistant priest, Rev. Dr. Elder and Rev. Mr. McNally, deacon and sub-deacon, Very Rev. Mr. Coskery, and Rev. Mr. Foley, deacons of honor. The Rev. Mr. Ferte acted as master of ceremonies.

The sermon on this occasion was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McGill; subject: "the Unity of the Church."

Thursday, 10th May, Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, celebrated pontifical Mass for the Prelates deceased since the last Council—Rt. Rev. Dr. Chancé, Rt. Rev. Dr. Barron, Rt. Rev. Dr. Gartland, and Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds. Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, preached on the occasion.

The Council closed on Sunday, the 13th, with usual imposing solemnities. The pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan, and the Rev. Dr. Lynch preached the closing sermon. At the close of the Council, the Prelates issued the Pastoral Address, which we have inserted in the foregoing pages, imparting to the clergy and the laity their blessing and their fatherly admonitions, and inculcating in a special manner renewed devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God.

**Laying the Corner Stone of a New Church.**—On Sunday the 13th inst., the corner stone of St. John's church, to be erected at the corner of Eager and Valley streets, in this city, was laid. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Wheeling; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Young, Bishop of Erie, and a number of the Rev. Clergy. The Rev. Dr. McCaffrey preached on the occasion.

**Landing of the Pilgrims.**—The fourth celebration of the landing of our Catholic ancestors on the shores of Maryland, took place on the 15th inst., near the site of the ancient capital of the colony, on the banks of the St. Mary's river. It was the

most grand and imposing demonstration of the kind that has yet taken place. It was attended by the Young Catholic's Friend Societies of this city, Washington and Alexandria, the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, and by delegations from several other associations. The party was honored by the presence of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Wheeling, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Young, Bishop of Erie, and a large number of distinguished clergymen, and other distinguished personages. On landing the company proceeded to the little church of St. Inigoe's, where Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop of Wheeling, who delivered a short and appropriate discourse. At the conclusion of the service, the company repaired to a grove near the site where St. Mary's City formerly stood; here the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, the orator of the occasion, delivered an eloquent discourse. The distinguished speaker depicted in vivid colors the virtues of the Maryland Pilgrims; reviewed the history of religious toleration and demonstrated, that Lord Baltimore and his Catholic associates were the first to proclaim and establish religious freedom on the shores of the new world.

### 2. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

The Provincial Council of Cincinnati was opened on Sunday, the 13th instant, with the usual solemnity. The following Prelates composed the Council:—Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Bishop Lefevre, of Detroit; Bishop St. Palais, of Vincennes; Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland; Bishop Spalding, of Louisville; Bishop Carroll, of Covington; Bishop Baraga, Vicar-Apostolic; assisted by a number of distinguished clergymen. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, preached the opening sermon.

*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell administered Confirmation to one hundred and fifteen children at St. Xavier's, on Sunday the 21st ult., ninety-five persons of the congregation of St. Joseph's, on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, and in the evening of the same day four hundred and thirteen were confirmed by the same Prelate at St. Mary's Church.

*Ordinations.*—The Rev. Terence Smith, was ordained deacon on Thursday, the 3rd inst., in the Cathedral, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell; and on the Sunday following, Mr. Smith and Mr. O'Shea of the diocese of Pittsburg, were ordained priests.

### 3. *Diocese of Louisville.*

On the 5th inst., the following young ladies received the habit of the order of the Good Shepherd, in the Convent at Louisville, from the hands of the Very Rev. Dr. B. J. Spalding, V. G. Sister Mary of St. Peter, (Elizabeth Brady of New York;) Sister Mary of St. Paul, (Mary A. Roney, of Ireland;) and Sister Mary of St. Patrick, (Mary A. Gainer of Montreal.) On the same day the Chapel of St. Peter, Louisville, was dedicated. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding preached on the occasion; and in the afternoon of the same day, the Rt. Rev. Prelate gave Confirmation at the chapel of the Good Shepherd's Convent to twenty-one persons, several of whom were converts.

### 4. *Archdiocese of New York.*

*Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon.*—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon, as the first Bishop of Portland, Maine, took place in the Cathedral of New York, on Sunday, the 22d ult. The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes was the consecrator, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McClosky, of Albany.

*Obituary.—Death of Col. B. U. Campbell.*—It is with feelings of deep regret, that we are called on, to record the death of this estimable gentleman. Mr. Campbell was born in this city, and was long known as one of our most useful citizens. The uprightness and probity of his life, the sincerity and kindness of his heart, and his gentlemanly deportment to all, won for him while living universal confidence and esteem, and will cause his memory to be cherished and respected, now that he sleeps in the city of the dead. Mr. C. died in the 60th year of his age. *May he rest in peace.*